

November, 1938

# The American Mercury



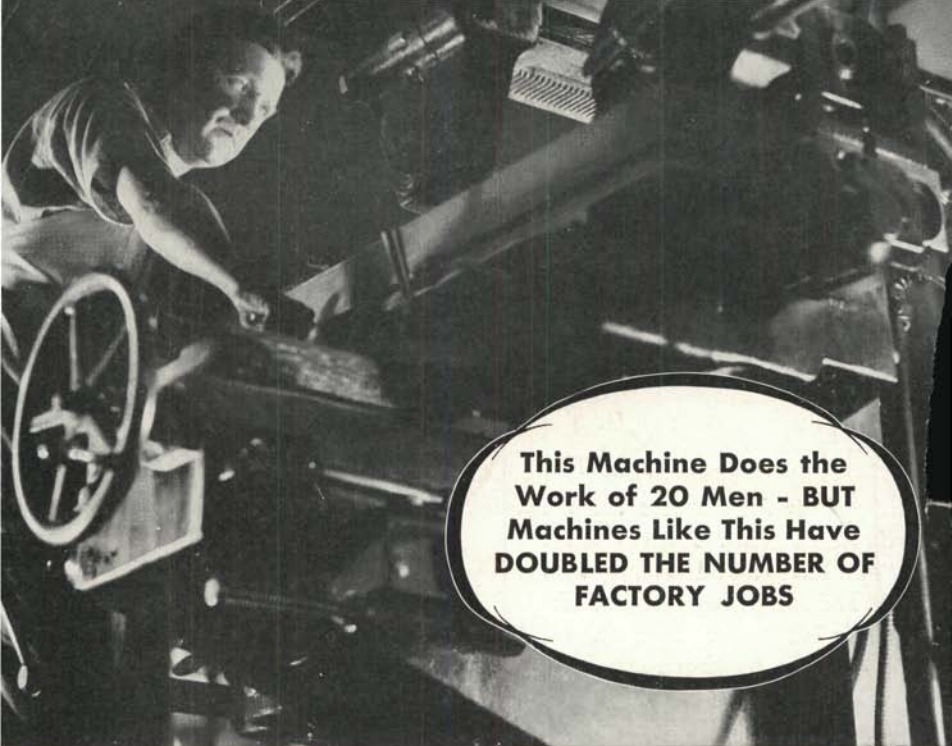
|                                          |                       |
|------------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Apology for Success . . . . .            | Channing Pollock      |
| Is Sex Lawful? . . . . .                 | Anthony M. Turano     |
| The Hollywood Literary Life . . . . .    | Frank Fenton          |
| War-Mongering on the Left . . . . .      | Eugene Lyons          |
| This Motherhood Bunk. . . . .            | Anonymous             |
| What is a Southern Lady? . . . . .       | Isabelle Post         |
| The Hall-Mills Mystery . . . . .         | J. L. Brown           |
| Americans Will Drink Anything . . . . .  | Laurence Bell         |
| Work Your Way Through College? . . . . . | Joe R. Motheral       |
| The Year Without a Summer . . . . .      | Alan Devoe            |
| How To Be a State Legislator . . . . .   | W. G. O'Donnell       |
| The Drug-Prescription Racket . . . . .   | M. O. Gannett         |
| In Defense of the Third Degree . . . . . | Larston D. Farrar     |
| The Man Roosevelt. . . . .               | An Editorial          |
| Business Dodges the Truth . . . . .      | Albert Jay Nock       |
| The Seat of Mars . . . . .               | John W. Thomason, Jr. |

ROOSEVELT DOES NOT WANT RECOVERY

*By Harold Lord Varney*

25 cents

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



**This Machine Does the  
Work of 20 Men - BUT  
Machines Like This Have  
DOUBLED THE NUMBER OF  
FACTORY JOBS**

## AMERICA'S BENEFICENT PARADOX

**M**ACHINES replacing men—yet more men put to work! This is the startling paradox which is at the root of much of America's progress. For although machines are doing jobs that would require many times as many men to do by hand, yet the number of factory jobs has increased from 4 to 8 million in the last fifty years. How is this possible?

Why has the number of jobs increased so greatly—faster than our population—while the use of machines has increased many fold?

Why? Because machines have multiplied the effectiveness of men's work. Costs of manufactured products have been so reduced that more millions of people have been able to afford them. And because more people have

bought these manufactured products, more men have been employed in making them. That is why there are twice as many factory jobs today as there were fifty years ago, and, in addition, millions of other new jobs selling, shipping, and servicing the new products. Throughout America, machines are enabling men to produce more with less effort, to earn higher wages—to have more of the good things of life.

General Electric scientists, engineers, and workmen, by applying electric power to the machines of industry, have done much to make this progress possible. Their efforts today are directed to the task of bringing about still higher living standards.

*G-E research and engineering have saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar they have earned for General Electric*

**GENERAL  ELECTRIC**

PRODUCED 2006 BY UNIZORG  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MACMILLAN PRESENTS

*The  
Novel  
of  
the  
Year!*



**ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO** by Rachel Field abounds in everything which makes for strength in a novel: the story combines the drama of a noted murder case with as charming a romance as ever reached the world of fiction, and with realistic scenes from life in New England and New York around 1850; the characters, mainly, actually lived the roles here assigned them.

*\$2.50 at any bookstore*

**The MACMILLAN Company, New York**



## “You Must Have Spent Years on Shorthand”

“*NO! I Learned It in Six Weeks!*”

**H**ER employer laughed aloud. “*Six weeks!* You’re joking, Miss Baker. No one could learn shorthand in six weeks. You have been with us about a month and you are by far the most competent secretary I ever had. Surely you don’t expect me to believe that you gained your present speed and accuracy in only six weeks! Why — a great many of our stenographers have studied shorthand for ten months or a year or more and still they make a great many errors.”

“That isn’t their fault, Mr. Chapman. Old-fashioned shorthand requires months of hard study and practice, and even when it is mastered it is difficult to read. But Speedwriting is very easy. I —”

“Speedwriting? What’s that?”

For answer the girl handed her employer her notebook.

“Why, this is remarkable, Miss Baker. It’s in simple A. B. C.s!”

“Yes, surely. That’s how I learned it so quickly. *Anyone* can learn Speedwriting. There are only a few easy rules. There are no hooks or curves; every ‘character’ you use is a letter you already know — one that your hand needs no special training to make.”

“Well, that’s the most remarkable thing I ever heard of. I could use that myself at board meetings and a dozen other places. You can write it rapidly, too!”

“One boy I know who studied Speedwriting *in his own home*, took dictation at the rate of 106 words a minute after only 15 hours of study.”

“Miss Baker, where can I get some literature on Speedwriting? I really believe I’ll take it up myself!”

**Speedwriting**  
TRADE MARK, REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.  
The NATURAL SHORTHAND

Tens of thousands have been freed from the drudgery of the old-fashioned methods of learning and writing shorthand by this marvelous system, which may be written with a pencil or on a typewriter; has no confusing signs and symbols; and can be learned in a third the time needed to master any other system; Speedwriting is MODERN SHORTHAND, far easier to learn, to write, and to transcribe. Proved faster and more accurate in many competitions. Endorsed by employers and schools everywhere. Used in hundreds of the biggest corporations, courts, civil service positions, etc. Quickest, surest way to become a fast, accurate shorthand writer.

Mail the coupon now. It will bring you a free booklet with full information about both Speedwriting and Speedtyping. No matter *what* your need for shorthand may be — you can fill that need *better* with Speedwriting.

**SCHOOL OF SPEEDWRITING, Inc.**  
200 Madison Ave., Dept. 166, New York City

SCHOOL OF SPEEDWRITING, INC.  
200 Madison Ave., Dept. 166.  
New York City.

I want to know more about Speedwriting and Speedtyping. You may send me the free book without obligation on my part.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



# Billy brought his family Up-to-Date on Modern Oral Hygiene!

TODAY there's a new dental health routine in the Jones family that started with its youngest member. Billy showed them how to *massage their gums*, proudly explained a lesson mother and dad never learned in school—that *gums as well as teeth* need regular care.

Like thousands of this generation's youngsters, Billy knows the importance of gum massage to the future soundness of teeth and gums. For in many of America's classrooms, teachers are drilling their classes in gum massage—encouraging its regular practice as an easy aid to better dental health.

## Modern gums need special care

Because of today's creamy, well-cooked foods, gum massage is a practical need. Denied the stimulation of vigorous chewing, gums tend to become flabby, weak. Very often, "pink tooth brush" appears—a warning signal from tender, ailing gums.

If your tooth brush "shows pink"—see your dentist. Let him be the one to

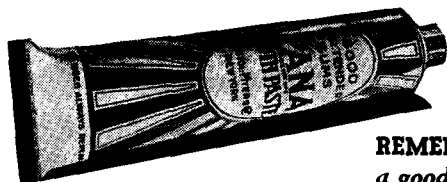


decide if serious trouble threatens. Usually, however, his verdict will be "lazy, underworked gums"—gums in need of more exercise, and—as so often happens—he'll probably suggest the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

Ipana holds an enviable record with dentists—almost two decades of widespread support and approval. Get a famous tube of Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Each time you brush your teeth with it, massage a little *extra* Ipana into your gums. Let the modern dental routine of Ipana and massage help keep your smile brighter, more sparkling, your gums firmer, healthier.

# IPANA

tooth paste



**REMEMBER—A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury**

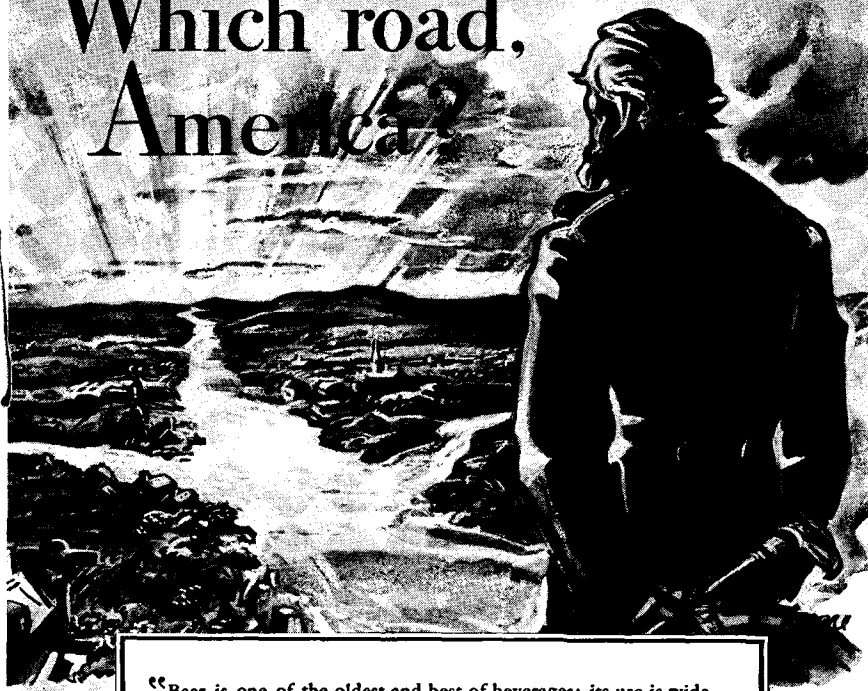
# THE AMERICAN MERCURY

| VOLUME<br>XLV                              | TABLE OF CONTENTS                        | NUMBER<br>179 |
|--------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------|---------------|
| November                                   | Paul Palmer, <i>Editor</i>               | 1938          |
| Roosevelt Does Not Want Recovery           | Harold Lord Varney                       | 257           |
| How To Be a State Legislator               | W. G. O'Donnell                          | 265           |
| Apology for Success                        | Channing Pollock                         | 271           |
| The Hollywood Literary Life                | Frank Fenton                             | 280           |
| This Motherhood Bunk                       | Anonymous                                | 287           |
| War-Mongering on the Left                  | Eugene Lyons                             | 290           |
| The Drug-Prescription Racket               | M. O. Gannett                            | 298           |
| What Is a Southern Lady?                   | Isabelle Post                            | 303           |
| The Hall-Mills Mystery                     | J. L. Brown                              | 308           |
| Work Your Way Through College?             | Joe R. Motheral                          | 315           |
| Americans Will Drink Anything              | Laurence Bell                            | 318           |
| Is Sex Lawful?                             | Anthony M. Turano                        | 323           |
| In Defense of the Third Degree             | Larston Dawn Farrar                      | 330           |
| Good Old Sybil Carries On                  | Josephine Stickney                       | 334           |
| EDITORIAL:                                 |                                          |               |
| Report on America. III                     |                                          | 339           |
| AMERICANA                                  |                                          | 346           |
| THE STATE OF THE UNION:                    |                                          |               |
| Business Dodges the Truth                  | Albert Jay Nock                          | 348           |
| DOWN TO EARTH:                             |                                          |               |
| The Year Without a Summer                  | Alan Devoe                               | 353           |
| POETRY:                                    |                                          |               |
| I. Suburban Cave                           | Louis Stoddard                           | 357           |
| II. Men in the Moon                        | Robert P. Tristram Coffin                | 357           |
| III. Life Holds an Auction                 | Bert Henderson                           | 358           |
| THE LIBRARY:                               |                                          |               |
| The Seat of Mars                           | John W. Thomason, Jr.                    | 359           |
| THE CHECK LIST                             |                                          | 364           |
| THE OPEN FORUM                             |                                          | 368           |
| THE CONTRIBUTORS                           |                                          | 384           |
| RECORDED MUSIC                             |                                          | x             |
| Lawrence E. Spivak, <i>General Manager</i> | J. W. Ferman, <i>Circulation Manager</i> |               |

Published by The American Mercury, Inc., monthly on the 25th of the month preceding the date, at 25 cents a copy. Annual subscription, \$3.00 in U. S. and Possessions, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, Spain and Colonies, and the Republics of Central and South America. Foreign subscriptions, \$4.00. Publication office, Concord, N. H. Editorial office, Ridgefield, Conn. General offices, 570 Lexington avenue, New York City. Printed in the United States. Copyright, 1938, by The American Mercury, Inc. Entered as

second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses. Indexed in The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature. No reproduction of content allowed without written permission. The American Mercury, Inc., accepts no responsibility for submitted manuscripts. Address all editorial correspondence and manuscripts to Ridgefield, Connecticut.

# Which road, America?



"Beer is one of the oldest and best of beverages; its use is widespread in every land; it is within the reach of every purse... The growth of its use in this country is bound to make for general temperance; for there is nothing more promising to combat the evil of too much alcohol than the opportunity of drinking good beer."

IT IS NOT BLINDLY that we of today must choose our path. Many men before us have travelled each of the three roads... the dead-end road to excess, the harsh road of intolerance, the straight road ahead, which is the way of moderation and sobriety.

From time to time we of the Brewers Foundation plan to submit to you, the people of America, the facts about beer.

We will show that beer *does* offer the right way... that this beverage is *in fact* the bulwark of moderation... according to the verdict of history, the weight of scientific evidence, and the every-day experience of millions.

And in thus uniting to give you these facts (and also to improve the conditions under which beer is sold at retail) the members of this Foundation believe they will perform a public service of genuine importance—and one which merits your understanding support.

*Correspondence is invited from groups and individuals everywhere, interested in maintaining the brewing industry as a bulwark of moderation. Address:*



United Brewers Industrial Foundation  
21 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

# a Thoughtful, lasting Gift

Briefly and brilliantly The American Mercury  
interprets the news in terms of future events.

Briefly and vividly it presents the scenes  
behind the news—the men, their methods,  
and their motives. Always, it is written  
with brilliance, humor and gusto.



## Gift Rates:

|                      |        |
|----------------------|--------|
| ONE SUBSCRIPTION     | \$3.00 |
| TWO SUBSCRIPTIONS    | 5.00   |
| EACH ADDITIONAL GIFT | 2.00   |

NO NEED TO PAY NOW... WE WILL BILL YOU AFTER CHRISTMAS\*

Send THE AMERICAN MERCURY for one year to each of these names, with a gift card from me. ☐ I enclose ★ \$ \_\_\_\_\_ ☐ Bill me \$ \_\_\_\_\_

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City and State \_\_\_\_\_

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City and State \_\_\_\_\_

SENT BY \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City and State \_\_\_\_\_

AM 11-38

THE AMERICAN MERCURY, 570 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK

★ You need not pay until January, but if you do enclose your check with the order, we will send you completely free a copy of the exciting Mercury Book *COMPANY K* by William March, which The Saturday Review of Literature called "an extraordinarily moving and an important book."





# The LITERARY BAZAAR

FIRST EDITIONS :: RARE BOOKS  
AUTOGRAPHS :: LITERARY SERVICES

## PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

### MATHILDE WEIL: LITERARY AGENT

Books, stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Play, scenario and radio departments. Ghostwriting, editing, typing. THE WRITER'S WORKSHOP, INC., General Electric Building, 570 Lexington Ave., New York.

### LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT

Stories, Novels, Books Sold. Editorially recognized aid in placement of fiction and non-fiction. Personal assistance in revision, criticism, editing for publication. Information on request. New Authors invited.

49 West 42d Street, NEW YORK CITY.

**WANTED** Authors' Manuscripts for immediate marketing. Prompt examination. Send manuscripts to REVELSYNDICATE, 73 W. 44 St., New York City.

## GENERAL

FOR RELIEF from the plight of being marooned among Neanderthal minds, join CONTACTS, correspondence club for the isolated intelligent. 3¢ stamp, please. CONTACTS Box 91, Station D, New York City.

**ATHEIST** BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. Truth Seeker Co., 38 Park Row, New York, N. Y.

WANTED—Original poems, songs, for immediate consideration. Send poems to COLUMBIAN MUSIC PUBLISHERS LTD., Dept. H78, Toronto, Can.

### Book Manuscripts

Wanted—All subjects for immediate publication. Booklet sent free.

### MEADOR PUBLISHING CO.

324 Newbury Street Boston, Massachusetts

## OUT-OF-PRINT

WE SPECIALIZE and are successful in finding promptly the "Out-of-Print" or "Hard-to-Find" books which you particularly desire. Please write us stating "Wants." No obligation. THE SEVEN BOOK-HUNTERS, Station O, Box 22, N. Y. C.

THE LITERARY BAZAAR places before you its large and wealthy collectors' market. Announce your first editions, your rarities, your literary services, your stamps, prints and coins in this section. A half-inch advertisement (about 40 words) now costs only \$5.00 — and on a twelve time order only \$4.00. Write Dept. LB II, THE AMERICAN MERCURY, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.



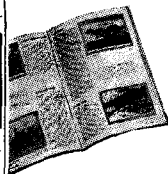
"Chess" by Joseph Margulies

## The Signed Originals of THOMAS BENTON GRANT WOOD JOHN STEUART CURRY and 55 Other Great Artists

FIFTY-EIGHT foremost American Artists have agreed to permit a limited sale of their personally signed, original etchings and lithographs at only \$5 each — as part of a new nation-wide art movement. The offering includes originals by artists whose signatures on many works of art are valued at hundreds, even thousands of dollars.

NOW ONLY  
**\$5**  
EACH!

This is the same group of originals from which many leading art museums have recently obtained works for their permanent collections. Plate sizes are generous, averaging 8 by 11 inches. Framing sizes average 14 by 18 inches. Every work is guaranteed perfect.



## FREE CATALOGUE

This new catalogue illustrates works now available, and contains biographical data on each artist. Explains reasons behind amazingly low \$5 price. Send only 10¢ in stamps to cover mailing costs, and a copy will be sent to you at once. MAIL THIS COUPON.

ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS  
Studio 1811, 420 Madison Avenue  
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me your catalogue illustrating the signed, limited-edition original etchings and lithographs now being offered for only \$5 each. I enclose 10¢ to cover costs of postage and handling.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

**THE VOICE WITH**

**A** *Smile*

**NORTH**

It may carry the salty twang of New England or the soft accents of the South.

It may be swift and crisp in the New York manner or full of the pleasant rolling r's in the style of the West.

But wherever you hear it, it will be friendly, courteous, and efficient.

It's the all-American voice of the Bell Telephone operator — "The Voice with a Smile."

The entire Bell System seeks to serve you quickly, capably and in the spirit of a friend.

**BELL TELEPHONE  
SYSTEM**



**SOUTH**

**EAST**

**WEST**

# *The American* MERCURY

---

## ROOSEVELT DOES NOT WANT RECOVERY

BY HAROLD LORD VARNEY

AS THE latest Recession runs its melancholy course, it becomes increasingly evident that Mr. Roosevelt no longer desires recovery under the present Capitalist system. Every report of the continued inaction and mal-action at Washington confirms this surmise. In all except words, the recovery effort has been pigeon-holed for more important business. With every basic cause of the nine-year Depression still unremedied, the President has turned to party purges and to oratorical bastinadoes against the "selfish few". With business pleading abjectly for Government leadership in attacking the sources of the collapse, the only initiative of the Administration has been a further dip into the ruinous quagmire of Relief. The conclu-

sion from such facts is inescapable. Unless we are to accept the untenable thesis of the complete imbecility of the Administration, we must face the obvious presumption that the President and his fuglemen are setting the stage for the long-heralded New Social Order.

It is true that the New Deal evangelists still pay fulsome lip-service to Capitalism — although the President himself committed a revealing lapse at a recent press conference when he spoke, with obvious detachment, of "those who believe in the profit system". But we may dismiss the pro-Capitalist professions of the New Dealers as little more than a defense mechanism. In an age when Communists shriek hysterically for Democracy, and when Fascists launch *Putsches*

in the name of world peace, language—in Talleyrand's phrase—has become merely an instrument to conceal thought. It was Dr. Thurman Arnold, now of the Roosevelt inner sanctum, who cautioned us that political words were but counters in the cynical game of universal propaganda. If we survey the New Deal's five-year record of action we will discover that, under the disarming pretense of loyalty to the present system, the Roosevelt policies have fitted together into an apparently consistent pattern of anti-Capitalism.

It has long been a historic dictum that there are two methods by which social systems may be destroyed. One is the insurrectional method of open opposition. This is the method which, until the adoption of Stalin's Peoples'-Front idea, has been consistently followed by the admitted opponents of Capitalism. The other, and more deadly, method is to destroy the system from within. It is the method of men who, professing nominal loyalty, create unworkable conditions which bring internal collapse. There are convincing indications that such has been the policy of the strategists of the Roosevelt regime.

To American businessmen it is a matter of little less than life-and-death that this Roosevelt anti-Capi-

talist purpose be understood. For five years, the American business high command has pursued policies postulated upon the belief that Washington actually desires recovery: through every disappointment, the good will of the President toward a Capitalism in its death-throes has been undoubted. But the return of the Depression in its chronic and tertiary stage, while Mr. Roosevelt cheerily fiddles, should now explode any such wishful faith. Business, at long last, must recognize that, if recovery comes, it will be in spite of and not with the aid of Washington.

There is almost a pathetic touch to the whole situation. For ours is the richest nation in history, enjoying a Capitalist economy which has lifted us to heights of affluence and well-being never before known to mankind. And yet, here we stand, poised on the brink of national bankruptcy, with millions of Americans in near-destitution, and with our national economy in rapid disintegration. What is the explanation? What is the *only* explanation? Is any other answer possible than that Mr. Roosevelt and his lieutenants are deliberately preventing the recovery of the American Capitalist system in order to clear the way for a desired American Socialism?

## II

Let us review in detail the principal steps in this deliberate sabotage of an economic system. Mr. Roosevelt, let it be recalled, has had three major opportunities to achieve recovery. He has flatly refused to take advantage of any of them.

The first and greatest recovery opportunity under the New Deal was presented during the initial weeks of the first Roosevelt Administration. Then, for a brief moment, it seemed that the new President was launched upon a winning drive against the Depression causes. There are few fair-minded people, I think, who will deny that the inaugural Roosevelt measures were sound economic steps, dictated by the desperation of the Bank-Holiday crisis. The new President acted resolutely and in the tradition of orthodox economics. He closed the banks, but he firmly resisted the urge of the Left camp that he take advantage of the paralysis to go on to bank nationalization. He took long steps toward the balancing of the budget by his reassuring Economy Act. Even his first Relief policies were restrained and moderate. Heartened by such evidences of Administration responsibility, private business began to regain confidence after its three-

year uncertainty, and it seemed that a psychological basis was being laid for a recovery which would be permanent. Mr. Roosevelt could contemplate his task in the knowledge that the most painful liquidations and deflation had already been achieved during the Administration of his predecessor, and that the results of much of Mr. Hoover's work would accrue to his prestige. An orthodox recovery was within his reach.

Unfortunately Mr. Roosevelt's debut was too good to be true: he promptly proceeded to lose his balance. Forgetting that his Capitalist patient was still a very sick man and that the first and immediate task was to hasten convalescence, he turned aside, after this admirable beginning, and launched a crusade of ill-timed reform. Industries which were still operating anemically in the red were suddenly thrust under the NRA with its explosive Labor Section 7a; and strikes and industrial discord were added to the existing dilemmas. The Securities Act was rushed to the statute books to check the incipient revival of the private investment market. The T.V.A. was launched as a loaded economic pistol, pointed at the heart of the thirteen-billion-dollar utilities industry. The A.A.A., with



its crop reductions and its pig-killings, increased the existing dislocation in the agricultural industry. All these measures were dampers instead of stimulants to Depression-weakened American business. They inhibited the recovery impulse.

But to close the doors definitely upon the hope of an orthodox recovery, it was Mr. Roosevelt's mischance, at this time, to fall trustingly under the influence of Prof. J. Maynard Keynes. The shadow which this Capitalism-scoffing British economist has thrown upon America's economic destiny is an unwritten but momentous chapter in the history of New-Deal America. It was Dr. Keynes who definitely persuaded the President that all hope of a normal recovery was vain and that the Administration advisers who argued otherwise — powerful during the Hundred Days — were obsolete reactionaries without an understanding of the uniqueness of this Depression. It was Dr. Keynes who induced the President to take the irrevocable steps which have now, to all appearances, committed America to a State-Socialist future. His three-pronged recovery program — (1) Devaluation, (2) Pump-Priming, and (3) Maintenance of Low Interest Rates — were all faithfully

grafted upon the New Deal in the closing months of 1933. By inducing a new imbalance in America's economic system — more profound than the imbalance which had originally caused the Depression — Dr. Keynes' policies locked us in an economic iron-lung from which it would be catastrophic to attempt escape. By the end of 1933 when Mr. Roosevelt turned on the full spigot of his pump-primings with the C.W.A., the opportunity to restore business to an economy of self-sufficiency had been lost. We had definitely embarked on a Sargasso Sea of economic unreality.

Mr. Roosevelt was never again to enjoy the superb opportunity for a normal recovery which confronted him in 1933. But at least two subsequent occasions have been presented when a President who was an actual believer in the Capitalist system could have inspired a spectacular forward spurt of private business. In both instances, Mr. Roosevelt sacrificed the golden opportunity to indulge his congenital urge for business-baiting.

The first of these occasions came in the winter of 1935-36. Abnormal as were the economic ratios after thirty months of New Dealing, the cumulative effects of the pump-priming billions had placed many

American industries in a position to surge substantially ahead. The President himself had made a psychological contribution to a more healthful state of mind by his "breathing spell" promise of the previous Winter. While an orthodox recovery was out of the question, business indices were rising encouragingly. There was an atmosphere of economic expectancy.

It was this precise moment which the President selected for the launching of his poisonous undistributed-profits tax. Anxious to assure the fidelity of the Left Wingers in the approaching 1936 campaign, fearful of the threatened competition of Huey Long and his Share-the-Wealth slogan, the President bludgeoned a tax bill through Congress which struck at the very heart of a self-financing Capitalist system. No single act of the Administration has done more to undermine public investing confidence and to induce the state of paralyzed fear which has culminated in the present renewed Depression. Timed at a moment when business was poised for a major forward advance, the effect of this punitive tax law was devastating. While the phenomenon of the two-billion-dollar bonus spendings acted to cushion business against the immediate consequences of the

new tax throughout 1936, its impact was felt disastrously when business began to turn downward in early 1937. Its enactment was a chilling sign to business that unfriendliness and economic illiteracy were still at the helm in Washington.

Mr. Roosevelt's final opportunity to achieve recovery came in the era of good feeling which followed his triumphant re-election in 1936. Having annihilated the united front of Republicanism and organized business in the November election, his national leadership was at its pinnacle. Had he been sincerely anxious to restore American Capitalism to economic health, he could have named his terms to an idolizing public. But, unhappily, he threw away this extraordinary opportunity in the most incredible exhibition of political ineptitude of our times. Obsessed by the conviction that business must be chastised instead of encouraged, he sacrificed his great prestige in a blind pogrom against Capitalism. Even during the campaign he had given a forecast of this intent in his Madison Square Garden "they-have-met-their-master" speech. What was in his mind was soon revealed in his audacious proposal to subordinate the Supreme Court to the White House.

That this project was inspired by a Roosevelt purpose to gain the power to press on to a far-reaching social program was revealed in his address of March 5, 1937:

But economic freedom for the wage-earner and the farmer and the small businessman will not wait, like emancipation, for forty years. It will not wait for four years. It will not wait at all.

The Class-War note in the phrase "economic freedom" disclosed the actual direction of the Roosevelt mind.

Shocked by the implications of this challenging program, public sentiment rallied against the packing plan and the President received his first major defeat. Unfortunately, however, the defeat of the Supreme Court bill only widened the breach between the Administration and organized business. It ended the era of good will and of possible co-operation. The President has shown, by his subsequent policies, that vindictiveness has been added to unfriendliness in his attitude toward business. The bitterness of the Supreme Court fight was a paramount factor in the collapse of business confidence which precipitated the Roosevelt Depression of 1937. Investors who had persuaded themselves, throughout the President's first four years, that the time would come when he would

adopt a co-operative attitude toward business, now finally lost their faith. Resigned to a permanent New-Deal business pogrom, they withdrew from the market to find economic storm-cellar. The underpinnings of our business structure collapsed.

Thus, Mr. Roosevelt has thrown away his three successive opportunities to revive American Capitalism. It is improbable that he will have another chance. His authority is in diminuendo. The demoralizing Depression is slowly destroying the remnants of his once magnificent leadership. It is a historic tragedy; but it is a tragedy which has been self-induced.

### III

That a continuance of the present Depression will inevitably further the weakening of American Capitalism which the New Deal has begun is obvious. The free-initiative system cannot survive the rigors of another major collapse. The credit situation, already weakened by the Keynes-Roosevelt palliatives—even though this weakness has been adroitly concealed by artificial support of the Government bond market—is ill-prepared to weather another monsoon. American business, bled

white by the taxes and bloated production costs which the New Deal has imposed, lacks the reserves with which it entered the Depression of 1929. A few more months of the present drifting demoralization and the nation will be in a state of nerves to welcome any wild experiment in economic orthodoxy. California's "Thirty-Dollars-Every-Thursday" Plan, with its social-credit springboard, is a symptom. This climatic Depression will probably do more to wreck American Capitalism than all of the anti-business Roosevelt experiments which preceded it. Mr. Roosevelt has released a deluge.

It would be Podsnapian optimism to anticipate an automatic recovery from the disaster which the President has touched off. The malady in our system, during the Depression years and throughout the Roosevelt years which have followed, has been a drying-up of the private-investment market—the dynamo of a Capitalist order. If we are to follow the estimate of Dr. Arthur D. Gayer that, in the normal years 1926–29, an average of \$453,322,000 per month of new purchasing power was created by private enterprise through the impetus of new corporate capital issues, we can readily see that, over and above the pump-priming ex-

penditures, America has suffered during the last eight years a net deficit of \$17,224,888,000 in new normal purchasing power as a result of the prostration of the private investment market. Obviously, Mr. Roosevelt cannot overcome this deficit by increasing his Government spendings: the collapse of Federal credit would be the quick consequence.

But, it will be asked, why does not the private investment market recover automatically, as in previous Depressions? Again we find the apparition of Mr. Roosevelt facing us as we attempt to answer the question. The capital market is an intangible thing. It is the most accurate functioning register of the state of public confidence in national policies. In its totality it is the resultant of the hopes and fears and profit-expectations of the millions of small investors whose savings ordinarily flow into the securities market. When their confidence lags, there is an immediate stagnation which freezes the national markets. Such a stagnation has persisted since 1929. Mr. Roosevelt, by his continuous anti-business policies, prolonged and intensified this stagnation after his rise to power, even though, unlike Mr. Hoover, he camouflaged the stagnation by an apparent recovery through gov-

ernment spendings. How inadequately the investment market responded to these pump-primings, even at the height of the Roosevelt prestige, is shown by the fact that in 1936, new corporate capital issues had crawled back to a figure no higher than \$1,180,000,000, as compared with the normal pre-Depression figure of \$5,000,000,000. Since 1936, the renewed Depression has melted away this puny investment recovery to almost nothing.

That Mr. Roosevelt is conscious of the fact that this paralysis of the investment market is the key to the whole crisis of contemporary Capitalism has never been indicated by any of his policies or proposals. That American Capitalism must inevitably die, if the investment market is not restored, seemingly gives him no concern. With business giving no convincing sign of other than minor recoveries, and with 12,000,000 American citizens totally unemployed or on the W.P.A., he flits light-heartedly over the country, leading heresy-hunts against the few Democratic Senators who have had the moral courage to defend the existing economic system, and permits the Depression situation to drift. Certainly, no Socialist whose deliberate intent it was to destroy Capitalism,

could achieve quicker wreckage than Mr. Roosevelt's passivity has induced.

In the face of such an Administration attitude, American Capitalists must recognize the fact that the President is not with them in their hope for a normal recovery. The record of his words and deeds indicates inescapably that he has lost his faith in Capitalism. What alternative is in his mind has not been made clear. Perhaps, like many bewildered thinkers of our times, he has no alternative. More probably, his mind is moving in the Fascist direction of State control which has been foreshadowed by the totalitarian economics of Italy and Germany. His unceasing quest for Federal power would indicate such a purpose. Certainly, such a skeptic leader cannot be trusted to chart a course of salvation for a moribund American Capitalism. His helm is set toward catastrophe.

It is high time for the American businessman to stop his absurd hoping for "breathing spells" and his innocent expectation of either sympathy or understanding from the present Administration. It is time for him to come to the grim realization that the most potent and relentless enemy of the American Capitalist system is the President of the United States.

# HOW TO BE A STATE LEGISLATOR

By W. G. O'DONNELL

AS AN experienced campaign manager, I shall make the primary assertion that there is only one way to be elected to a State legislature. Some managers claim that there are two, or even three ways; but, without wishing to be too dogmatic, I advise prospective candidates to use the one proven method and avoid all visionary plans urged by people blind to the realities of political life.

This method might be called the monetary-humanitarian plan, since it depends upon a combination of money and humanitarian principles. Make no mistake: money alone never won a campaign, and neither did humanitarianism. But when the two are properly combined, the result is a superb technique virtually unbeatable. I base this assertion upon facts — facts observed personally while serving as campaign manager for a candidate for a State legislature. (I might add that my candidate won by a tremendous majority.)

First, a candidate must hire a manager, for in politics nothing is

more pathetic than some of the *faux pas* committed by unadvised candidates. Where may one secure a good manager? Well, such a person is by no means easy to find. But one qualification he must positively possess: he must be Irish. Avoid managers with racially ambiguous names such as Magee, McGuinness, Kennedy, Ryan, White, or Joyce; unmistakable Irishmen such as the O'Mulligans, the O'Houligans, or the O'Reilleys are always to be preferred.

Ordinarily, a candidate for a State legislature in one of our large Eastern States such as Massachusetts, New York, or Pennsylvania must expect to spend about \$7000 in order to be elected. (Strong emphasis on humanitarian principles may, of course, lower this expenditure to \$5000.) If the candidate spends \$7000 in a State where legislators are paid \$2000 a year for a two-year term, he will take office with a personal deficit of but \$3000 — a sum which he should be able to pay off at the end of the first six months. How? Well, few people



know that a legislator's income consists of two parts: first, his salary; second, what our public servants commonly call *legislator's fees*. A complete list of these would exceed the scope of this article. Briefly, a legislator's fees consist of payments made to him for advice which he furnishes to contractors, to contractors' relatives, to applicants for Civil Service positions, and to others who have economic or political dealings with him.

About one year before he runs, the candidate must cause it to be bruited about in his district that he "is being urged by his friends to run for the State Legislature". Then, just before Christmas, he should buy several thousand greeting cards and send one to each enrolled member of his party. Some uninformed candidates have balked at this expense. They do not know that in every large city certain establishments sell respectable Christmas cards 300 for a dollar. These cards serve a twofold purpose: first, they inform the people of the candidate's existence; second, they tend to foster a spirit of peace and good-will in the poor, who thereby forget their economic ailments and become more responsive to the candidate's campaign.

About four months before the primaries, the candidate must hold

a huge banquet at which to announce his candidacy. If the cost of transportation, the hall, food, cigarettes, cigars, liquor, and other necessary equipment amounts to less than \$1000, the candidate may consider his start an economical one. Of course, the candidate may save money by buying the beer in quantity—say, five barrels at a time; but whether the beer is in barrels or cans, there must be plenty of it. And the speaking should not begin until everyone present has been drinking for about forty-five minutes.

After thus announcing his candidacy, the candidate must naturally have his nomination papers signed. If he finds difficulty in securing the necessary signatures, he may easily solve this problem by making a tour of the saloons in his district, buying a few glasses of beer, and getting the habitués, either party members or non-designates, to sign. If, after visiting all the bar-rooms, the candidate still lacks signatures, he should send his scroll to the poor farms in the district; the inmates will sign willingly.

In the two months directly preceding the primaries, the candidate must work day and night, and must part with about \$3000. With the aid of his manager and assistants, he must ferret out all the

party leaders in the district. A *party leader* may be defined as one who controls more than 100 votes. The remuneration for the service he renders is usually \$250. Each leader must be promised a job (if he is unemployed) or a promotion (if he is employed). Everybody will then be happy. Of course, an embarrassing situation may arise if two people who have both been promised the same job happen to meet. But the candidate need not fret unduly because such an accident rarely occurs; and, if it does occur, the candidate simply re-promises the same job to both people with greater vehemence. When each promisee thinks, "He means me", the candidate has nothing further to worry about.

Now one of the inviolable rules of State politics is that votes should never be bought for a primary election. A person who would stoop so low as to buy votes (directly) ought to be prosecuted; such a creature would have a most baleful influence upon political morality. Indeed, a man who would *buy votes* might even *sell jobs*. But there are, of course, certain entirely justifiable gifts that may be made at strategic places in the campaign in order to ensure victory.

At this stage of the battle, the *political promise* is one of the most

potent weapons of the candidate. In order to save himself needless worry, he must realize that he cannot expect to fulfill more than five per cent of the pledges made in the heat of a campaign. Nevertheless, he should promise representatives of labor unions that he will support no bills condemned by the State leaders of labor. At the same time he should promise important manufacturers that he will support no bills that endanger the rights of property.

After being victorious in the primaries, the candidate, now backed by his party, must, in the few weeks preceding the final election, work with greater energy and spend more freely than previously. During this period, expenditures may amount to \$4000. Pins, buttons, pictures, torches, beer, window-signs, cigarettes, stickers, tin horns, cigars, and tire-covers will alone consume \$500. The closing weeks of the campaign, however, demand the greatest outlay of money. The candidate should show no hesitancy in hiring bands, drum corps, buses, taxis, sound-trucks, and airplanes equipped with super-broadcasters. One mammoth and positively essential indoor rally will cost about \$500.

During the final week of the campaign, the candidate should

concentrate upon newspaper advertising. Though some managers believe in ornate advertisements, I favor the simple traditional advertisement discreetly emphasizing the candidate's capability, efficiency, and honesty.

Then comes the climax — Election Day. "The Fleet is out!" With this triumphant shout the campaign manager sends his candidate on the way to victory. The Fleet consists of about 100 autos and 200 men. Each auto has a crew of two — a chauffeur and a nabber. The chauffeur simply drives to the residence of a voter. There the nabber enters the house and asks, persuades, urges, or, if necessary, forces the members of the family to come to the polls to vote. The Fleet is a modern invention, but, if properly directed, it is as picturesque as a posse of cowboys rounding up a gang of train-robbers.

The total cost of the campaign, from Christmas cards to appreciation cards after the election, will be, as herein noted, approximately \$7000. I do not, however, want to give the reader the impression that this money is *actually* spent. The candidate does not really distribute the money in person, for the Corrupt Practices Acts of the several States usually prohibit a candidate from spending more than \$500 on

a campaign. Consequently, whenever the candidate pays for anything, he should pay through his manager, his brother-in-law, or one of his friends.

The legislatures of certain Eastern States, I understand, intend to repeal their Corrupt Practices Acts. Many State legislators seem to feel that the good-will and respect the acts have created are more than offset by the inconveniences caused. I believe, however, that repeal of these acts would constitute a dangerous tampering with fundamental American Democratic institutions. If they were repealed, how, I ask, could we stop some Du Pont or Morgan from buying his way into a State legislature?

## II

I have, perhaps, emphasized the monetary aspects of the campaign at the expense of the humanitarian. But toward the end of the campaign, humanitarianism becomes equally as important as money. Hence the candidate should solemnly promise the voters that he will, if elected, introduce a bill to provide free spectacles for poor children. He must not forget that eighty-five per cent of all school pupils have defective vision, and, though he need not expatiate upon

this theme too extensively, he should point out that with the aid of spectacles, nearsighted children will for the first time be able to see the leaves of the trees, the clouds of the sky, and the other beauties of Nature.

Another excellent measure for any candidate to support is a bill to compel privately-owned utility companies to supply free electric bulbs to all consumers of power. Every year this worthy measure has been gaining more supporters in our Eastern States. It is entirely possible that some legislature may pass the bill by 1940. In such an eventuality, a candidate in that State should demand a sweeping investigation of all telephone companies. If the candidate makes this his paramount issue, the telephone company may allow him to appoint one or two telephone operators. And a hundred well-placed promises of an operator's job may swing an election.

Penal reform — one of our oldest humanitarian ideals — should also provide the candidate with several measures worthy of support. Each candidate should promise to have at least four innocent persons released from jail each year. I have often witnessed candidates strike a responsive chord in the hearts of an audience by promising to intro-

duce a bill, retroactive to 1920, which would immediately legalize all children born in the women's division of the State prison.

Some candidates have experienced difficulty in adopting a policy relative to the Veterans — one of the neediest groups in America today. Each candidate would do well to adopt the following logical motto: whatever the Veterans want, let them have it. If the Veterans want to be appointed to all available positions in the service of the State and the government, appoint them. If they want to go on a pilgrimage to France, send them. If they want to go to China, send them there. If they want the bonus due in 1978, give it to them at once. If they want compulsory military training in high schools, demand it. If they want all citizens to salute the flag once a day, demand that also. In short, if they ask, they should receive.

After speaking about these bills in public for several weeks, the candidate will learn that a single theme underlies all political speeches — the poor, innocent, unfortunate children. Whether the candidate is urging free spectacles or free milk, or a bathing beach, or a sweeping investigation of an electric plant, he should point to the needy children — children ill-

clothed, ill-fed, ill-nourished — children without beds to sleep on, walking the streets half-naked. If any ordinary candidate fails to be elected with one-third of the children of the land in so deplorable a condition, his political technique must be deficient indeed.

Although the candidate must learn the subtleties of political oratory through experience, he should diligently prepare himself for the one great moment that forms the very climax of his public appearances. I refer to the moment when he Breaks Down and Weeps on the Platform. The young candidate would do well to witness several seasoned campaigners weep before attempting to do so himself. The end of the weeping speech should be the grand finale of his campaign. Here, he promises his constituents that he will make the supreme sacrifice if God calls upon him to do so. He should bow his head and allow his arms to hang limp; then, as he downs a glass of ice-water, the color should leave his face, and his whole body sag and age. As his voice grows weak and hoarse, he should say to the audience, now tense with emotion, "Ah, my friends (gasp), I am a sick man (gasp) tonight." Presently, as the flush returns to his face and his eyes once again sparkle, he should

add in rising crescendo: "But I'd be willing to lay down my life —" And here he should insert whatever phrase seems most appropriate. The following have been used with great effect: "for the poor, needy, downtrodden Veterans"; "for the poor, hungry, naked children"; "for the honor and glory of our district and our State".

This brief outline of how to be elected to a State legislature will, I hope, be of tremendous value to young college graduates struggling to find positions consonant with their training. Americans invest a huge sum of money in higher education, and they receive little in return. As we all know, the bar is overcrowded today; the business world offers enterprising young men few opportunities for success; the ministry is a labor of love; not many college graduates have sufficient money to attend medical school; and everyone cannot become a schoolteacher. By carefully following my suggestions, thousands of young men, fired with a spirit of lofty idealism, should be able to establish themselves securely in the political world and Do Something Noble for Humanity. And they may rest assured that their earnings will far exceed their original investment.

## APOLOGY FOR SUCCESS

BY CHANNING POLLOCK

LAST spring, an agent of one of our biggest corporations approached me with the suggestion that I preside over a radio program of the usual nonsense. I replied that the proposed broadcasts would be a waste of their time and mine; that when I opened my mouth, or took up my pen, I always hoped it might be to say or write something that seemed important. To my surprise, the agent agreed with me, and asked what I would *like* to say.

"Let me talk about business, and what it has meant to this country", I answered. "It's time somebody corrected the prevailing idea that anyone with two dollars is a malefactor of great wealth, and Public Enemy Number One. Your company supplies an excellent argument to the contrary. We can use it as an example of fairness to employees and patrons, with a long record of honest service."

My suggestion was relayed to the corporation's executives, and, in due season, rather timidly approved. I must realize, the executives said, the danger of offending

Washington, or Albany, or anyone in authority between there and the New York City Hall; but, if I could avoid any reference that the most thin-skinned statesman might regard as political, or implication that one human being might be superior to another, they would be inclined to take a chance. The safest agreement, they thought, would be for a sample broadcast, to be heard only by themselves, and, before that, would I submit a manuscript for more careful examination?

At nine o'clock the evening before the audition my telephone rang. The executives were increasingly worried about some of my statements, and two of them had come half-way across the continent for further consultation. They trooped into my apartment and, until after midnight, we debated what might and might not be said in the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave. By then, we had compromised on the elimination of one paragraph and part of another. The first read:



In this country, most of us run on the same track, and those who win do so because of no handicap other than ability, industry, and perseverance. It is such qualities, and such men, that made this a great, free and happy nation.

The exorcised part of the second asked:

What excuse is there for wanting to bring in new forms of government that have produced nothing but misery elsewhere? There is no perfect government, but a free Democracy, such as ours has been for one hundred and fifty years, seems the nearest approach to it.

The executives thought that was a direct slap at Roosevelt.

The audition came off on schedule, and everyone was enthusiastic. Later, however, the agent wrote me that "we had a meeting on Friday, attended by our President and fifteen of his top executives. A lengthy discussion ensued as to whether or not, as a matter of policy, the company ought to sponsor and broadcast the type of message which you so ably wrote and presented." The final decision was that it ought not. One official told me frankly that they feared being "cracked down on".

Whatever else he has or has not done, the Great White Father at Washington has transformed us into a race of recreant rabbits. Writing of Hitler recently, Dorothy

Thompson said, "For five years a myth has been built up . . . under which any opposition to this divine leadership constitutes aggression". And, she added, faith in such myths eventually is shared almost equally by their creators and those for whom the myths were created. That is obviously true here. The White Father has come to believe in himself as a disinterested idealist and a passionate friend of the Forgotten Man, and, by a kind of hypnosis, we who oppose him have come to believe ourselves Princes of Privilege and Oppressors of the Unfortunate. Even I, perhaps subconsciously convinced that the doctor must be right, find myself crying out, in moments of cold-sweating concurrence, "But how *can* I be a Prince of Privilege, never having had any privilege except that of working twelve hours a day to support a hungry family and a hungrier government?", and "Why *must* I be an Economic Royalist because I've slaved and done without to avoid becoming a public charge in my old age?"

The White Father has given us a completely new psychology — the shame of success. True nobility, we are persuaded, is evidenced in effortlessness, poverty, and failure. There must be something wrong with a man who earns — or, es-

pecially, who saves money, pays his bills, and gets on in the world. The man or woman who eats well, dresses well, or even speaks proper English somehow feels that he or she owes everybody an apology. "Of course", I heard an after-luncheon speaker begin recently — "Of course, I admit that I'm the head of a big business", and a friend of mine, who began as an office boy and became a celebrated engineer, flushed crimson when I spoke of his yacht. "It isn't really a yacht", he protested; "only a rather large sailboat. My sons and I run it ourselves, and I probably shouldn't have had it, but that my lawyer proposed my taking it for a bad debt." We have fallen in with those melodramatists whose villains used to be bankers and landlords who wanted their rent, and with the Old Hindu-New Deal conception of a saint as an unfed, unclothed, and unwashed person who sits all day contemplating his navel.

This is the whirlwind created by hot air in Washington. Whatever the White Father really believes — or believed, before he discovered the preponderant voting power of the Have-Nots — almost everything he has done with our capital has been in favor of unfitness and opposed to any form of achievement. I mention "our" capital,

rather than his, because open-handedness, with their own funds, appears to be somewhat restricted among the Roosevelts. An author friend of mine calls my attention to the fact that in the photostat reproductions of his tax returns, Jimmie Roosevelt admits that, with a net income of \$20,000 a year, he once gave \$17 to charity — in 1934 — and, the next year, feeling extra generous, he gave \$27. *Anything* the White Father says or does, of course, excepts all the Roosevelts. At the very start, it must be understood that impugning the "profit motive" never meant profit from selling insurance or syndicating literature, and that Princes of Privilege and Economic Royalists are emphatically not those who live at the tax-payers' expense, and upon inherited acres in the vicinity of Hyde Park.

## II

The President, however, has his own brand of Aryans. For him, also, there are a superior and an inferior race. The first is made up of "the workers", meaning only those who work with their hands, if at all; the under-privileged, mentally as well as physically; the group that Emerson called "the unintelligent brute force that lies at the bottom

of society". These are his Nordics; they can do no wrong; the government should be run for and by them — so long, of course, as they choose him to do the running. The second consists of those men and women who have achieved dominance by their own efforts; the prosperous, or, at least, the solvent; business men, industrialists, professional men, farmers, white-collar men, and anyone else who is able to pull his own weight. These, in effect, are the non-Aryans; they should be ruled with an iron hand; so far as possible, deprived of their citizenship; and, in general, regarded and treated about as the supposedly-inferior race is regarded and treated in Germany. They are charged with much the same crimes — with being oppressors, exploiters, and money-changers — and they are taken into account only as sources of revenue and targets for contumely.

All this is amply evident, not only in what our *Führer* does, but in what he says. The philosophy is inherent in our system of taxation, and screamingly set to work in the Wagner Act, which is based on the assumption that the employer can have no grievances and no rights. Most of our "must" legislation has been of this sort; designed to protect the noble Nordic — that is to

say, the poor and good — against the greed and unscrupulousness of competence, labor and thrift. "In this effort to preserve our Democracy and our Union", Mr. Roosevelt said at Denton, Maryland, where he had gone solely to preserve the union of New Dealers, "in this effort . . . I am confident that all who labor in field and factory will carry on the good work." Note that all hope of salvation rests with the field-hands and factory workers; no business or professional man need apply. More recently, *Der Führer* assailed poll taxes as an outmoded instrument of restricting the right to vote. Obviously, the requirement that a citizen should be able and willing to contribute \$1.50 a year to government in return for the privilege of voting how much *we* are to contribute, and how he and we are to be governed, puts too much power into the hands of entrenched greed, and takes too much from entrenched insolence and worthlessness.

Successively, the New Dealers have smeared pretty nearly every intelligent and responsible group in America — bankers, brokers, investors, industrialists, big and small business; operators of mines, railroads and utilities; doctors, lawyers, journalists, independent con-

gressmen, and the Supreme Court. Up to now, the church has escaped, though that must have required a good deal of restraint a few years ago, when some of the clergy published their replies to questionnaires sent them from Washington. Inimical organizations have been defamed and investigated; with its vast machinery of propaganda, the government, which gave high office to a member of the Ku Klux Klan, actually succeeded in suppressing the Liberty League, and in making the very name a badge of ignominy. This, of course, is preposterous. I joined the Liberty League after the most careful scrutiny of its objectives and methods, with all of which I am still in proud and hearty accord. My files contain almost every pamphlet that ever came from its presses, and if an impartial reader can find in them anything other than argument for sane government and support of the Constitution, I pledge myself to work against liberty from now on.

So long, however, as this vast machinery of propaganda is unopposed; so long as the attacked skulk in their tents, feeling pretty sure they must be poor fish if anyone says so, there can be no need to substantiate charges or give them meaning. A Liberal will be

anyone who agrees with the President, for whatever reason; and a Reactionary anyone who disagrees, for whatever reason. All Liberals will be beneficent persons, of lofty ideals and unselfish nature; and all Reactionaries those striving to restore human slavery. A receipted bill, a satisfied mortgage, a bank account, or a letterhead indicating a position of trust and importance will continue to be *prima facie* evidence of peonage, feudalism, robbery, murder, and moral turpitude. Thrift, industry, ability, and integrity no longer speak for themselves; they, too, require a microphone, and a rabble-rouser of their own. Above everything else, they require a vulgar intestinal endowment that seems to have been purged out of them.

Most of the smearing has been so thin, and so smelly, that it could and should be removed with cold water. When the most telling argument against the Supreme Court is that it is composed of "nine old men", one might inquire precisely when age became degrading, and how many of the young Commissars of the New Deal have been conspicuous for learning and sound statesmanship. Envy is a nearly-universal urge that, properly treated, produces poison gas. We are smothered by fumes that the

least exertion should blow away. Almost from the beginning, Wall Street has been the villain of our play, responsible for war, famine, flood, and disease, and the time must be approaching when, almost of their own initiative, the public will discover the fact. Surely we can't be expected to cringe, or to rage, according to which side we're on, when someone alleges (New York *Sun*, Sept. 15, 1938) that Dewey failed to convict Hines because Justice Pecora was an "inquisitor" of Wall Street, or publishes a pamphlet to prove that Republican Congressman Bruce Barton is a tool of the interests because, while an advertising agent, he called at the office of J. P. Morgan. No honest man should do that, of course; an honest man might be seen with "Dutch" Schultz, or in the offices of the Communist Party; but certainly not with anyone who has made a success in banking or industry. The pamphlet also remarks in horror that Barton's district in New York City "often sent to Washington a member of one of the controlling families of the Standard Oil Company". Well, why not? Does mere membership in a successful family disqualify one for a voice in government? Am I nuts, or is all this simply amazing? Not

long ago, Maine Republicans blushed crimson when it was revealed that a dozen rich men had contributed \$50,000 to their campaign fund: nobody blushed when the C.I.O. contributed exactly that same amount to Mr. Roosevelt's.

Our changed psychology has produced some of the most remarkable flop-overs, and reversals of common sense, in all history. Once upon a time, an idle aristocracy lived at the expense of a plundered proletariat. That was wrong, of course; but are we right now in assuming that an idle proletariat should live at the expense of a plundered aristocracy? Once upon a time, failure required explaining, and it was a shameful thing to be "on the county"; now, it is success that requires explaining, and to be "on the county", or the city, or State, or nation, is a cachet of honor and rectitude.

That was a symptomatic letter which last September's *MERCURY* published as from an anonymous gentleman who took issue with my classification, in July's *MERCURY*, of that part of our population that really matters. "I have been a W.P.A. worker off-and-on for nearly three years," the gentleman wrote, "and sometimes I thought I was rather useful." In this conviction of the usefulness of the

W.P.A., he is extremely contemptuous of "the people . . . who are not starving—the insurance clerks, stockbrokers, travelling salesmen, advertising men". The anonymous gentleman has reproduced his kind, and is training a son to be "helpful"—presumably, also, in the W.P.A., or some other service more contributive than that of the travelling salesmen and advertising men "who are not starving". "The United States would be a better country," he thinks, "if there were fewer yachts, and racing stables, and palatial summer homes, and more strong, adequately-cared-for-children." On Relief? As a matter of fact, the country has comparatively few racing stables and palatial summer homes, and, with its growing distaste for accomplishment, and the growing disposition to punish and penalize productive effort, they will be ever fewer. However, I doubt *that* making us "better" in any respect except the inevitable increase of our charity. Even when, as is equally inevitable, the elimination extends to the owners of non-racing Fords and modest bungalows, I doubt that we shall be socially, or culturally, or economically improved.

With Struthers Burt, in an almost violently Liberal article in *The Forum* for December,

1937, "I believe that, owing to certain facts of social evolution, it (the upper class) is the one class capable of producing, save in sporadic instances, the most distinguished human virtues. Should these virtues die out . . . mankind will go back to the Dark Ages." I believe that the continuance of decent living—for anybody—requires greater ambition, initiative, industry, and providence than is conspicuously evident in the W.P.A., the P.W.A., or even the C.I.O. I believe that the man who produces *anything* (except children he can't support, or who can't support themselves) or sells anything is "better" than the parasite who exists on his earnings. I believe that every expenditure, including those for yachts and summer homes, provides work, and for workers, and, above all, I believe that, even in our cockeyed civilization, the successful man or woman is likely to be of finer stuff than another, and that success is the result of qualities without which neither this civilization nor one less cockeyed could survive.

### III

Unlike Struthers Burt, I was not born into the upper class. My grandfather owned and tilled a

small farm. My father was the editor of a small-town newspaper. Without means or education, I began life by trucking on a dock. I never inherited or was given a penny, nor acquired one through speculation or the labor of others. I am merely a workman, though, I believe, a diligent, and, I hope, a successful one. I have no apology to offer, either for diligence or success. I think I'm a better man than anyone less diligent, or less honest, or less competent, or less successful; and not so good as the man who is more diligent, honest, competent, or successful. I should feel the same way about it if I laid bricks, or sold groceries, or manufactured motor cars. What I have, I have earned; I regard it as being in some degree the measure of my usefulness, and as inalienably my property as is my right hand or my leg, which I *didn't* earn. I believe private property to be indivisibly linked with liberty, progress, and civilization, and I agree with the Roosevelt who got somewhere—the same being Theodore—that “there is no more mischievous form of privilege than giving equal rewards for unequal service and denying the great reward to the great service”. I couldn't be proud of failure, unless it were failure in a great cause or a noble effort. I

shouldn't be proud of inherited wealth, unless I had put it to good use, nor of having exploited the poor, either for financial profit or to retain office. I should be, and should have the right to be proud of any and every mental, moral, and physical superiority, and I shall certainly not be ashamed of any mental, moral, or physical increment it brings.

In the matter of pride and shame, it seems to me that most of us have got the shoe on the wrong foot. Very few of us are ashamed of our ignorance, in a country where education is to be had for the asking; or of lack of cultural interests, where public libraries, museums and art galleries are as common as chain-stores. We are not ashamed of slovenly English; we are unblushing in our addiction to pulp and film-fan magazines, to movies and radio broadcasts catering to “the ten-year-old mind”. We can hold up empty heads haughtily provided the eyebrows are correctly plucked, and fold idle hands with complacency if the nails are red enough. I could understand abashment at indifference to government, willingness to barter birth-right, futility, inefficiency, and hatred of superiority, rather than determination to attain it. These are the constituents of failure, and



so I can understand shame of *that*; but success, hardly achieved, bravely won, against odds and in fair competition with our fellow men, is a badge, a banner, a gauge of character and contribution to family, race, and nation.

It was success — not failure — that discovered, developed, and made great the United States of America. But for that, the failures would have no one at whom to bark or upon whom to batten. And, when I say “success”, I mean success at selling toothpaste or creating literature. The quality of, or need for, either has nothing to do with the case; these establish the level of helpfulness, but not relative superiority on that level. A few of us may have acquired success unworthily and at the expense of our fellow creatures; but the proportion is infinitesimal compared with those who have acquired debt, dependence, and failure unworthily and at the expense of *their* fellows. Anyone who believes that a New Deal was required to compel a Fair Deal, should consider that, between 1850 and 1930, our wages increased five hundred per cent, and that, between 1890 and 1930, our average work-week decreased from 60 to 48 hours. He should consider what the successful have given voluntarily to make

life easier, safer, more agreeable, and more profitable to the average man. He should remember that, in 1930, we had 14 million people who owned their homes, 6½ million who owned their farms, 63 million who owned life insurance, 44 million with savings accounts, 24 million registered security holders — and ask how we got that way.

It is the successful who buy our goods and pay our taxes; who endow our hospitals and schools and art galleries — whether through taxes or otherwise; who set our pace and our standards. Why they must be apologetic about it, heaven only knows. As to why they should tamely submit to being abused, being robbed, and being regulated as though they were criminals, even heaven must have its doubts. The one thing of which there can be no doubt is that the spread and continuance of this attitude spells ruin. Fitness commands so long as it is sure of the right and power to command; otherwise, it ceases to be fitness, and becomes impotence. If and when it can be made ashamed of itself, apologetic for what it has acquired and achieved, too timid to fight and too uncertain of itself not to wear any fool's cap thrust upon its head, then it is ready for the brig, the ghetto, the goosestep, the red flag, or the Swastika.

# THE HOLLYWOOD LITERARY LIFE

BY FRANK FENTON

EVERY so often in the annals of Hollywood critiques there appears a fulsome treatise executed by some literary figure of the hour who has gone to Movieland to do a writing chore. Properly dined and cocktailed by the town's past-masters in the art of adulation, the great man savors a robust stimulation of the ego; and invariably he writes a memoir. This fellow may be a playwright who has successfully run the gamut of Broadway critics with some dramatic quackery; or he may be a novelist who has finally succeeded in palming off a best-seller that tingled up the spines of several hundred thousand shop-girls; or perhaps he merely committed some spectacular mayhem that landed him in Hollywood's literary lap. At any rate, he receives a handsome salary, a handsome office, and much handsome publicity, by way of plugging the picture he is to write. Between cocktail parties, he goes to work. He takes all the time he needs and finally rounds out a half-breed scenario that other hacks under

contract will make intelligible. After this Herculean labor, the literary giant takes stock and comes to certain conclusions, one of which, very naturally, is that a scenario-writer's life is a parasite's paradise, a hack's utopia, the very last thing in sinecures. And so he writes an article for one of the magazines, giving new life to the legend that a Hollywood writer's existence is all roses, banknotes, Scotch-and-sodas, racehorses, Dusenbergs, and swimming-pools.

And of course this is so much hogwash, as we shall see. Nevertheless, after reading his article, several hundred amateur scenarists will immediately start the trek to Hollywood with an extra shirt and a portable typewriter; and another fifty thousand, dulled to near-insanity by the lousy movies they have been staring at, sit down at their machines and pound out scenarios which are invariably glorified versions of their autobiographies. These are mailed to phoney agents, usually with the sole result that the authors are

mulcted out of a five-dollar fee for "expert" criticism. For the benefit of these sad strugglers—and for anyone else who is interested—I set down here a few of the actual facts of life concerning the Hollywood literary racket.

In the first place, it is almost impossible to sell an "original story" to the studios—an original story being a sort of outline-scenario, usually written in the present tense and running about forty typewritten pages. It is a bastard type of fiction, with no discoverable rules for its composition. The only way that this original can be peddled is by a reputable agent. Few can define "a reputable agent" and fewer writers would concede the existence of any such phenomenon; but, anyway, a reputable agent is one who can gain admission to producers' sanctums, either by blood-relationship, bribery, or the fact that he has clients working in the studio.

A reputable agent, however, will seldom manage a writer who has never had his name in a popular magazine, never published a novel, or never had his name on the credit titles of the screen. So that anyone who doesn't qualify for the above should go back to the farm and write a play between chores. But usually the curse is in the ama-

teur's blood and he keeps on trying. If thus incurable, his only hope is the concoction of a story with such a terrific twist that it will sell despite the author's humble station. A *twist*, besides being the term for a woman of dubious character, denotes a situation which is extremely novel. For example, if the story began with the lovers in a passionate embrace and ended with them meeting each other for the first time, that would be a *twist*: if a man were murdered in the morning and by some freak of the author's imagination could not die until sundown, and so during the day solved the case of his own murder, that would be a *twist*. (You can have these two free.)

But even with a good twist, the amateur author's chances are still slim. Usually he has nothing more than his twist, and the studio wants a whole story. It would cost them a thousand dollars or so to buy the story, whereas they can steal the twist by just giving it an additional twist. (This should happen several months after the story has been submitted, when the author has presumably become engrossed in new twists.) So the story may be rejected, and one day the producer will call in his writers and explain that a tremendous

idea has come to him. They listen, and while he tells it they wonder where he stole it.

## II

What can our aspiring writer do about this? Well, he can fling himself against the studio's legal batteries and get placed indelibly on the blacklist; or he can have his agent go in and beard the producer. A deal may be arranged in this latter case, but it is flirting with eternal unemployment to attempt it. The wise author starts work on another twist and hopes for better luck next time.

Well, let's just assume that next time our hero, Joe Scrivener, does have better luck. His story sells as a low-budget or "B" picture, and Joe gets a thousand bucks, minus the agent's 10 per cent. The agent also sells Joe as a writer on the story, and Joe goes to work for seventy-five dollars a week (10 per cent to his agent) on a tryout. He gets a small office and a stack of paper and sets to work to write a screen play.

First he has to write a treatment—a curious document that catalogues the probable continuity and describes the characters fully. This is a tough job. It means a hundred and forty pages of action,

dialogue, and description, with considerable attention paid to camera angles. Joe whacks it out in two weeks and is proud of himself, though nobody gives him any reason to be.

But Joe's misery has just begun. A series of conferences follow at which the scenario-editor, the producer, the producer's assistant, the director, and perhaps several others have a whirl at the script. Past masters at their trade, these butchers cut the story to pieces, each winning some points and conceding others—but not to Joe. Joe is biased: he wrote the story; and thus has the unfortunate literary point-of-view. Some of the things he has written have the freshness and originality of a newcomer to the craft, but he will learn. One dubiously-inspired gag from the director may necessitate a drastic re-write, but that is permissible if it promises to knock the audience out into the aisles. Joe wasn't trying to knock them into the aisles; he was trying to tell an interesting, coherent story that would keep them in their seats. So now he sits in the deep cushions of the producer's office and begins to realize that he isn't much more than a sort of glorified stenographer for this nondescript assortment of "story minds".

Joe goes back to his office with the scarred and battered manuscript. If there was anything good in his script, nobody mentioned it; but he still feels that there was. He still feels that it had a certain power; it wasn't a noisy, brawling, dynamic story, of course, nor was it particularly funny; it was just a good story. Now it is nothing. It has twists that do not match, gags inserted simply for the sake of the gag. It is filled with devices that might save the story if the story doesn't happen to appeal. A gag, then, is an ace in the hole. End each scene with a gag. Don't let the character simply walk out of the room as human beings do; make him stop at the door and make a gag, a wisecrack, a threat, a comedy exit; so if the scene is lousy the exit might save it. To hell with making the scene sure-fire, just gag it up a little — in case. Joe is beginning to see the light.

When the big scene was discussed, they had decided to eliminate Joe's pet piece of business, which, he thought, epitomized the hero's character. To a man, they had balked on this. The director had said, "This is okay, Scrivener, but it's not for this picture. It's too subtle. We get it, and we think it's swell, it's great, but the public won't." So the public wouldn't go

for it? They went for Mark Twain and Shakespeare and Edgar Allan Poe, but Joe Scrivener was too subtle for them? Joe couldn't figure this one out.

In two days, by working hard, he finishes the re-write. Another conference. Joe reads the new script aloud to the collected "story minds". More revisions; they are now beginning to revise their own revisions. They point out to him that some of the revisions have apparently no definite role in the story and that the continuity is somewhat jerky. Joe makes notes. He wishes he had a job in a gas station. In a daze he goes back to his office. He feels like a failure, which is precisely the idea the producer wishes to convey to him; because Hollywood does not believe in newcomers unless they are embroidered with some kind of foreign success or have rung the box-office bell in New York. The newcomer must realize that the creation of a motion picture requires great skill and experience and a certain uncatalogued genius for feeling the public's pulse.

Joe works fast. The release date for the picture has been set. He works nights. The story is like a crow picking at his brain. The story has been cast and he must get down on paper every move-

ment and word for the actors. For his seventy-five bucks a week (he's looking forward to the time when he gets the twenty-five-dollar raise if his option is lifted; for it is incredible that a Hollywood writer would admit to less than a hundred a week; even his producer would be mortified), he sweats out dialogue for small-part players who will receive five hundred or seven hundred a week. He has to write the script so thoroughly that the director will know exactly what the scenes demand. He has no notion as to what sort of set it will be, and he will have to write in the "directorial touches" that critics are so fond of mentioning, though they have never read the screen-play and unerringly attribute everything of merit to the director.

Now Joe is pretty well exhausted. He hasn't had time and he doesn't make enough money to go to the Trocadero or Palm Springs, and he begins to realize that the only swimming-pool he will see — and then at night — is the Pacific Ocean. He won't be able to leave the office, even for a stroll, to stretch his cramped abdomen and clear the cigarettes out of his lungs, because at any hour of the day the producer may call, with a new gag — and Hollywood would

throw the Crucifixion out of the New Testament for a laugh.

### III

When Joe finally finishes this chore he gets a new assignment at once. He goes through the routine again, completes his second story and screen-play, and is handed another "idea". And by this time, with his option coming up, he begins to wonder. He wonders how all the gab gets around about big salaries and soft living. He feels himself getting stale, and realizes that no man on earth can keep turning out one play after another without going to pieces, without some kind of respite. He realizes that, if he does go stale or crack-up, he's through and somebody else will quickly be ushered in to take his desk. He doesn't expect any mercy, and he tries to calculate how much money he can save before the inevitable flop comes his way. He ponders how the whole invention and construction of each movie depends on him; how directors, editors, producers, cutters, actors, all earning hundreds and thousands a week, have to wait for him to give them their work — and do most of their waiting on a yacht or at the beach or on a ranch. He knows that, if he is good,

the director, producer, and actors will make a pretty good movie; and that if he is bad all the directors, producers, and actors in town won't be able to get it by. He knows that the whole thing depends fundamentally on him, and wonders why he belongs to the lowest-priced "creative" hirelings on the lot.

But Joe hasn't much time to think about all this. He must polish off his latest script, turn it in, and get an idea for a new one, or take over some original story the studio has bought that nobody could contrive into a screen play. He wonders why they bought the story. The author either has a "name" or he knows somebody, or there's ghosting somewhere, or somebody's palm was greased. All the stories the studio owns that Joe has read weren't worth the paper they were written on. But he can't worry about that. He has to put a plausible story under the title, or invent an original story to supplant the lemon the studio wants to charge off as a produced property.

Now, however, Joe is getting wise to the game. He has evaluated his producer's intelligence and sense of humor. He abandons further efforts at significance or subtlety. He swiftly acquires the

tricks of the professional hack. It is his only salvation. He has learned the value of the pratt-fall, of the stock shots of radio police cars careening out of the station-house, of the dissolve, of sex, of the formula in which Boy Meets Girl, Boy Hates Girl, Boy Loves Girl, and vice versa, and of The Chase that winds up the yarn. He steals glibly from old movies seen in the projection rooms and filed for this purpose. He no longer contemplates going to Palm Springs for a whirl at the high life they drool about in the fan magazines. He has to save for the day of the flop, and in the meantime manage to make the best appearance he can.

There remain two roads to the Big Money. One is to write a hit play or a best-selling novel; but even if he has the ability, he still won't have the time to accomplish either. So there remains the second course, a social splurge that will net him enough important contacts to get assignments on big-budget "A" pictures where he can cash in on some kind of publicity, hire himself a publicity agent, and get his name bruited around. (The way to sell movie stories is to meet the right producer in the right mood at the right bar.) But all that takes money and what Hollywood calls "personality". It means escorting



actresses to expensive restaurants, and edging into parties where the moguls sprawl among their more glamorous employees. It means being a shark at ping-pong and charades and conversational amenities, and wisecracks on the cuff of the dinner jacket. And it means you throw a brawl yourself when your turn comes around. But Joe can't do all this on his seventy-five bucks a week, of which he gets about sixty-six dollars, of which his wife gets about sixty. He will have to find another way out, or just plug along, eating spinach and going to bed early. He can plan on about six stories and screen plays a year, or eight, if he doesn't get his lay-off, and try to forget that the death-rate for Hollywood writers is on a par with that of aviators. He can imagine himself a miraculous exception to the rule that the average Hollywood writer's income is something under a hundred dollars a

week — and this made precarious by studio politics, blood relationships, and the luck of the box-office.

But when Joe's option comes around, he finds that the producers have a new twist. Because Joe has made good, because his labor has resulted in six or seven screen plays that have made money for the studio, the studio takes up his option — providing he doesn't demand the raise in salary his contract stipulates! Too bad that times are so tough; too bad so many writers are hanging around willing to take chicken-feed; and besides it was the studio that made Joe's success possible, wasn't it? Where would he be if they hadn't given him a break? (That's what Joe is beginning to think, too.) But he nods his head; he hasn't saved enough dough for a long layoff, and he's getting used to nodding his head now, no matter who is talking to him.



## QUERY

Where are the people today who laughed so uproariously when Herbert Hoover predicted in 1932 that, if Roosevelt were elected, factories would shut down and grass grow in the streets?

## THIS MOTHERHOOD BUNK

ANONYMOUS

I HAVE long had my private opinion about the much-boasted suffering and martyrdom of mothers, but until recently inexperience forced me to keep quiet. Now, however, that I have gone through the experience of child-birth, I feel fully qualified to speak, although by so doing I know I will bring forth a deluge of criticism from thousands of women and quite a few men whose mothers have imbued them with the idea of Mother-Sacredness. It's time that someone exposed the racket of motherhood: all this talk about what women "go through" to bear children is just so much bunk.

Women have done such a good job of making martyrs of themselves that most men are taken in. But my period of pregnancy was an education for my husband. From hearing his mother and sister talk about the terrible "suffering and hardships" of child-bearing, he thought that every day of the nine months was going to be one of horrible agony. For a while he inquired almost hourly about

my feelings, until I finally convinced him that I had never felt better in my life.

At the time I became pregnant I was working, and since I was in good health I saw no reason to quit. I was afraid, however, that I might be forced to resign on account of the nausea which I had been told *always* made the first stages of pregnancy miserable. But during the three months that I continued to work, the only inconvenience I experienced was a loss of appetite for two weeks. I never missed a day at the office. I have felt much worse from an attack of sinusitis.

At the end of the three months, Jerry got his vacation, and I gave up my job in order to take a trip to the West with him and two friends. The other couple didn't even know I was pregnant. There was no use telling them and having them try to make things easy for me when I was just as capable of taking my share of the bad breaks as the rest. In fact, I stood some things even better than the others. Altogether we traveled over four

thousand miles, with Jerry and me driving all the way and covering between four and five hundred miles a day.

When we returned home, I commenced "going into training" for the big event. But there was nothing disagreeable involved. "Training" consisted of eating an abundance of nourishing food, something I have always enjoyed, and of taking plenty of mild exercise. Although I told Jerry repeatedly that I was quite happy and contented, he still couldn't help suspecting that I was just putting up a brave front. When I was in the seventh month he asked me: "If you could go back to work and be as you were before you became pregnant, would you do it?"

"No indeed," I answered emphatically. "Of course I haven't got Junior into the world yet, but so far I think I have the best of the bargain. Between just having to carry this baby around and having to go to work every morning to earn a living, I'll take the former ten to one. The only disadvantage of my condition is my appearance, and I never could win a bathing-beauty contest anyway."

Until the eighth month I did not have to cut down on my eating, because I was not gaining too rapidly. But at that time I went on

a business trip with Jerry and for two weeks we lived in hotels. I ate more than usual, and because Jerry was too busy to go walking, I did not get my customary exercise. When we returned home I found that I had gained seven pounds. The doctor told me to leave sweets and starches out of my diet so as to keep my weight down. I did crave sweets sometimes, but in every other way I felt grand. A number of my friends who have put themselves on a much more restricted diet acted purely out of vanity for their figures.

## II

I had heard so much from other women about the *horror* of labor pains that when mine started so mildly, Jerry and I thought there must be something wrong. I went to bed and tried to sleep; but when the pains kept coming at regular intervals I decided we'd better call the doctor. He told us that the time really was at hand.

Jerry and I added a few more things to the suitcase which for over a week had been packed with mine and the baby's clothes, and drove to the hospital. As I stepped from the car a pain hit me. I stood there until it was over and then walked into the waiting room. The

girl at the desk asked if I didn't want to sit down, but I told her I was all right.

When the nurse came, she looked all around and then asked: "Where is the lady who is having the baby?"

I laughed and told her I was the one.

"Well, you certainly don't look like it," she said.

I went to my room and the nurses prepared me for delivery. The doctor examined me again and said that since I didn't seem to be making much progress, he was going to get some sleep. Jerry sat by my bed all night and timed the pains, which were coming three or four minutes apart. All the nurses on the floor kept running in, talking to me and feeling my stomach when a pain arrived. Never once was the pain severe enough to make me cry out. I thoroughly enjoyed being the center of attention.

At nine o'clock in the morning the doctor said I was ready to go to the Ob room. And by ten o'clock my baby had arrived safe and well and I was back in my room. After all the hysterical talk I had heard from women about having babies, I could hardly believe that this was all there was to it.

Naturally I concluded that I

must have had an unusually easy time. But the doctor said I had what is considered a hard time; and I think an obstetrician ought to be a good judge. Of course I do not pretend that labor pains are fun, or that I liked the doctor poking around to see how much dilation I had and making me bear down as a pain would strike me, when I felt like doing just the opposite, but I will say that there are lots worse things. I have known some of them myself.

After carrying Polly around for nine months (it turned out not to be a "Junior") and then bringing her into the world, I still think I have the best of the bargain. All I have to do now is stay at home and look after Baby, which is more of a pleasure than a burden to me, whereas Jerry has to struggle from daylight till dark trying to make those few extra dollars which her presence makes so necessary. But I would not exchange places with him even if we should decide to have a dozen children.

If anyone gets the worst of it in child-birth, it is the father. The old idea that the business is part of Woman's Martyrdom is bunk. The next time I hear a mother telling a son about "all I have gone through for your sake", I am going to laugh in her face.

## WAR-MONGERING ON THE LEFT

BY EUGENE LYONS

IN AN AGE of political circumlocutions, the authentic voice of a hard-boiled, straight-from-the-shoulder imperialism, talking cold business instead of hot morals, has something to recommend it. There is a refreshing quality in the candor with which this quotation states the case for an aggressive American policy in the Far East:

It is good business for the United States to keep China's vast but undeveloped resources out of Japanese control, despite the short-sighted attitude, from the point of view of their own self-interest, of some big business men in this country. Secondly, China remains the greatest potential market and source of capital investment in the world. . . . Our present stake in China is but a tiny fraction of our potential stake in a unified and revived China. Political friendship would be a first-rate business asset.

Who is it that cuts so boldly through the humanitarian arguments, and recommends friendly aid to China in terms of dollar diplomacy as "a first-rate business asset"? Who is it that speaks so frankly of "our" stakes in China? Don't be too hasty in answering. It is not the National Manufac-

turers' Association, nor any other mouthpiece of Big Business. The quotation is from the *New Masses*, a Communist weekly!

Nor is it a casual indiscretion by some jingo borer-from-within. On the contrary, it is wholly in line with current Communist propaganda for Collective Security, Concerted Action, and equivalent slogans looking toward the active intrusion of the United States into the next European war. The speeches of Communist leaders, their press, the pronouncements of the assorted leagues and committees under Communist control, all hammer away at America's instinctive distrust of the rallying cries under which the alignments for another World War are being formed. In addition, an ever-larger mass of Radicals of other denominations, and undifferentiated Liberals, moved by hatred for the Fascist States, are echoing these same war-cries.

"If France, the United States and Russia want to maintain the *status quo*, they had better declare war

on the three military machines before they gain too much momentum." The three military machines, of course, are Germany, Italy, and Japan; and the speaker is Dr. William E. Dodd, former Ambassador to Germany. Lewis Mumford, writing in the *New Republic* recently, likewise calls for immediate action. So also Upton Sinclair in the *Nation*: his solution for the troubles of a complex world is beautifully simple. "If Democracy is to survive this crisis," he warns, "the Democratic nations must organize at once. . . . Gangster nations planning raids must know not merely that they will be boycotted, but that if this does not suffice, an international army and navy will overthrow their dictators, hold a plebiscite, and establish a new government by popular consent." (Sinclair prescribed the same simple medicine—lead pills—some twenty years ago, but seems unaware that the patient died.)

Senator George W. Norris, the Progressive who became famous for voting against the declaration of war in 1917, announced the other day that it might be "better for America, and perhaps France, Great Britain, and Russia, to ally themselves *now* in a world war to wipe out Fascism". Less than a decade ago the Rev. Dr. Harry F.

Ward received the *Nation's* annual Honor-Roll accolade "for leadership . . . in the fight against militarism in the American schools". Today he heads the League for Peace and Democracy, a Communist-directed organization (known until last September as the League against War and Fascism) whose principal object is to find allies for the Soviet Union in the looming war.

This mounting impatience on the Left for righteous hostilities is the more arresting when one recalls the nearly unanimous anti-war sentiment in corresponding areas of political opinion before and after the World War. What has brought about the change? What are the forces stimulating the present warlike mood?

A strong clew to the answer may be found in the fact that the Communist Party itself is now most vigorous and outspoken in its advocacy of instant American entry into the war arena. It begs for the right to join the defense of the imperialist and colonial interests of Great Britain, France, and the United States—provided they will fight on the same side as the Soviet Union. Its old pledges and appeals to colonial peoples, its voluminous literature of attack against any and all Capitalist war, are conveniently

forgotten in the new propaganda tactics. The *Daily Worker*, official organ of the Party, calls for joint action by England, France, Russia, and the United States to "bring to a dead stop the Japanese imperialist aggressions", because Japanese military policy is "directed against the imperialist interests of the United States and Great Britain". The spectacle of a Communist newspaper offering aid to one set of imperialists to safeguard their "interests" against another set would be funny, if its implications were not so serious.

In one way or another Earl Browder repeats through all his Communist megaphones the insistent question: "Do you want the Fascists to come over and attack your sisters?" The advertisement for a Communist mass meeting warns: "China Today — U. S. Tomorrow". And the *Daily Worker* enlarges on the threat with such declarations as this:

Is it not clear that the safety of every American family requires that the United States accept the proposal of Litvinoff, Soviet envoy to the League of Nations, for joint international action against the war bandits? But why wait, why not now — before it is too late? Must bombs rain on our cities before we act?

Thus the war-mongering on the Left pursues its noisy course. A

brief review of anti-militarist history will make the phenomenon more striking, and may help us come a little closer to its hidden, but essential, purpose.

## II

In what may soon be known, for purposes of identification, as the *first* World War, the Radical and Liberal elements in America distinguished themselves, on the whole, for courageous anti-war attitudes. Before the die was cast in April, 1917, they took the lead in movements against American involvement in the European holocaust. Some of them later succumbed to the war hysteria; but the Socialist Party, the Industrial Workers of the World, and other Radical organizations remained adamantly anti-war. The historic St. Louis Resolution of the Socialist Party, proclaiming "its unalterable opposition to the war just declared by the Government of the United States", stands as a monument to principled daring. The Federal prisons swallowed hundreds of war opponents, ranging from militant social revolutionaries like William D. Haywood and Eugene V. Debs to Liberal conscientious objectors like Earl Browder and Roger Baldwin. Epi-



sodes during the War such as the celebrated trial of the editors of the *Masses* (Max Eastman, Floyd Dell, John Reed, etc.) point to the vitality of the anti-war feelings on the Left.

When the war was over, and a peace of vengeance turned the Wilsonian promises into cruel jokes, these anti-war Radicals had ample cause for crowing. Proudly they wore their halo of vindicated martyrdom, while their contrite comrades, who had succumbed, explained and apologized. Their views found general acceptance among their own political and intellectual fellows, and in time even a grudging acquiescence from more Conservative quarters. Liberals of all shades joined in the chorus of "Never again!" Recognition of the economic motivations at the core of all wars, whatever their idealistic pretensions, became a basic ingredient in all Left and Liberal faiths. The *Nation*, on January 23, 1929, was stating the case mildly enough when it said:

We confess to a feeling of dismay at finding intelligent men still believing after the lessons of the World War that force, or the menace of force, can reform anything, or end any wrong whatsoever. . . .

Most intransigent of all in this attitude were the Communists,

and indeed, most consistent. The Bolsheviks under Lenin's leadership, and for a decade after his death, whatever zig-zags of policy they might have followed in other respects, remained unswerving in opposition to any wars except national and international class-wars. Lenin and Zinoviev—the same Zinoviev whom Stalin put to death some twenty years later—wrote their pamphlet *Socialism and War* in Geneva a year after the World War had begun. Unsparingly they ripped the crusading slogans to shreds and laid bare the imperialist stakes for which nations were gambling the lives of their masses. Their declaration was republished by the Petrograd Soviet in 1918 and, as the essential expression of the Communist view on war, remained unchanged at a time when Fascism was already a sinister world-force; when Japanese militarism had already made its preparatory conquests in China; when Hitlerism was already on the high-road to power, ably assisted by Stalin's party in battering down German Democracy. Even after Hitler had Germany under his heel, the Communist International shed no tears for the defeated Democracy. On the contrary, it hailed the triumphant Hitlerism as a step forward:

The establishment of an open Fascist dictatorship, by destroying all the Democratic illusions among the masses and liberating them from the influence of Social-Democracy, accelerates the rate of Germany's development towards proletarian revolution.

The 180-degree turn in Communist war-policy did not begin until late in 1933, and was not formally consummated at a congress of the International until the summer of 1935. The present Communist "line" of Democratic people's-front, which is at the bottom of the Collective-Security movement on the Left, is no reflection of Communist concern for Democracy *per se* — the long friendly collaboration with Mussolini's Italy, the occasional united front with Hitler before 1933, are sufficient proof, if proof is needed. Neither does it reflect moral abhorrence for the more recent Fascist aggressions: the "line" was laid before Ethiopia, before France, and before the Japanese invasion of China.

The anti-Fascist fervors and the sudden romance with bourgeois Democracy must therefore be taken with handfuls of salt. The deeper motives of the new line will not be found in a belated infatuation with Democracy of the Capitalist brand, nor in noble indignations over Fascist and Nazi bar-

barism. They will be found only in the sharp revision of foreign policy forced upon the Soviet dictatorship by the advent of Hitler and his fanatic refusal to play ball politically with Stalin.

The writer was in Moscow just after the Nazis took control of Germany, and can testify that the Kremlin handled Hitler with exceeding kindness. While the outside Capitalist world was echoing with tales of Nazi atrocities, the controlled Soviet press remained calm. The door was being left open for an understanding with Germany, Russia's closest political friend and economic ally since Rapallo; credit arrangements were renewed, even while German Communists were being herded in prison camps; and Stalin continued to seek a Russo-German formula, even after Soviet trade representatives had been terrorized. It was only after the last hope of a rapprochement with the Nazis failed, when German Fascism emerged as a *military menace to Russia*, that the Bolshevik-Leninist ideas on war were scrapped.

The new policy had one aim and one aim only: to strengthen Russia's military position as against Germany. The Communist-International resolution was explicit on this point. "In waging the struggle

for peace," it declared, "the struggle against imperialist war before and after the outbreak of hostilities, *the defense of the Soviet Union must be considered paramount.*" The new-fledged enthusiasm for "Democracy" was ordered as a piece of military camouflage, a stratagem which the head of the Communist International, Comrade Dimitroff, described as a "Trojan-horse" maneuver.

Having recognized Germany as a military menace, the wooing of "Democratic" allies became the Kremlin's obsessive concern to which everything else, including the precepts of Marx and Lenin, was cheerfully sacrificed. The definition of "Democratic" in this connection was left vague enough to permit the inclusion of semi-Fascist states such as Poland, Rumania, Yugoslavia, etc. — in fact, any armed power which could be pressed into the Soviet side of the emerging alignment of nations. Thirty years of Bolshevik preachments were written off as a dead loss; "world revolution" was thrown overboard even as a propagandist stage-property; and the new era of Communist fraternization with everyone willing to fraternize (except ex-Communists, of course) was launched.

Americans genuinely desirous of

heading off another World War, others outraged by the mounting insanities of Fascist countries, became putty under the manipulating fingers of the new-hatched Communist champions of Democracy, law, and order. The organization started by agents of the Communist International, which later developed into the League for Peace and Democracy, became the chief instrument for the mobilization of these well-meaning innocents. The same sort of Leftists who had fallen hardest for the idealistic slogans which covered up market rivalries two decades ago, now fell for their current equivalents.

And today, instead of following, instead of being bludgeoned into line, the Left proudly leads the war-stampede. Whatever the realities that may ultimately drag us into a second World War, the idealistic rationalization is already being shaped. And this time the intellectual recruiting-sergeants will come from the Left. They have begun their job well in advance. This time there will be no need for a Creel Bureau and espionage laws to scare them into uniform.

One need not cast aspersions on the integrity of the Leftist advocates of Collective Security, as a whole, to recognize the central fact

that their leadership, openly or covertly dedicated to the paramount object of defending Stalin's totalitarian regime, has only one purpose: to draw the United States in the looming war on the side of Russia. If tomorrow the German threat to Russia were to be ended (let us say through a rapprochement between Hitler and Stalin—a far-from-impossible contingency) the entire Collective-Security movement on the Left would evaporate.

### III

Thus Liberals have lent themselves readily, even fanatically, to the Communist strategy either under the childish misapprehension that the Kremlin has had a change of heart, or in blissful ignorance of Moscow's role in building up a war-psychology in the United States. The forces of the Left, however, are by no means united without exception in this high-minded war-mongering enterprise. Liberal writers have broken into distinct factions on the issue. It is no accident, of course, that those among them who play the Stalinist game are vehemently for Collective Security. Paradoxically, those who are most ready to explain away totalitarianism in the Soviet Union

are most ready to fight a war against totalitarianism elsewhere.

On the other hand, those on the Left who refuse to yield to the emotional blandishments of the Collective-Security propaganda advance a variety of reasons, ranging from old-fashioned Marxist arguments against participation in any Capitalist war to straight American isolationism. A few of these arguments are worth summarizing:

1. The black-and-white pattern of a world divided into Fascist and Democratic nations is an illusion. It assumes an array of forces on ideological lines, whereas there may be Fascist and semi-Fascist allies on the "Democratic" side, and Democratic allies on the "Fascist" side. Already it is a matter of grave doubt whether, in the ultimate alignment, Italy will be on Hitler's side of the trenches or Chamberlain's; whether Germany's stake in China may not preclude a German-Japanese alliance; whether the clash of Russian and British interests in the Near East, in India, and in western China may not put them on opposite sides of No-Man's land. The over-simplified scheme leaves the most potent international motivations out of the picture, and therefore has no validity beyond tomorrow morning's newspaper.

2. As soon as the second World War gets under way, the distinction between Fascist, near-Fascist, and so-called Democratic nations will become wholly academic. The last vestiges of Democratic rights *everywhere* will be sacrificed on the altar of fighting efficiency. Which of the contending countries, if any, will be in a position to resuscitate those rights is entirely problematical. The world starts with smaller economic reserves and larger destructive capacities than in 1914. The resultant impoverishment for victors and vanquished alike may well make some adaptation of world-wide Fascism the only alternative to chaos. *What will start out as a crusade to save Democracy is likely to wipe Democracy from the face of the earth.*

3. The United States is the one

country whose geography and resources make it possible, at least, for her to stay out of the next World War. Limited as the possibility may be, it should not be thrown away for a mess of illusory slogans.

Those slogans are being forged at this moment. The sound of hammering fills the Left press and sparks fly at Communist-inspired mass meetings. The emotional appeal of their arguments is fairly overwhelming to people frightened by the dictatorial tide, and maddened by the aggressions and inhumanities of Fascist nations. They cannot muster the calm to recognize that the proposed cure may prove infinitely worse than the disease — that at best it will destroy millions of lives, and work irreparable economic and cultural havoc.



## OUR PRESENT GOVERNMENT

BY GEORGE WASHINGTON

Liberty is little else than a name where the Government is too feeble to withstand the enterprises of faction, to confine each member of the society within the limits prescribed by the laws, and to maintain all in the secure and tranquil enjoyment of the rights of person and property.

# THE DRUG-PRESCRIPTION RACKET

By M. O. GANNETT

ON YOUR next subterranean excursion, fellow consumer, straphanging homeward to your wife and dog after a day of fitting ladies' shoes or teaching the youth, forget for a moment your aching arches and have a look at the subway ads before you. You will see that the major features of these displays are the illuminated, pithy essays on the afflictions of man, and what to do about them. Look down at your neighbor, squeezed in his seat. Whatever he is reading, magazine or newspaper, its advertising space informs you that acne and anemia, piles and psoriasis, need trouble you no longer, if only you will invest in the remedy advertised. At home an enraptured voice proclaims, via the radio, "Get Poroleum, today"! A trip to the country is a course in pathology, with billboards for lantern slides. And every day there are the newspapers. This insistent solicitude for your health and inadequacies, these threats of dissolution, ostracism, and financial failure, are the tentacles of a mag-

nificent racket — the genteel, ever-so-legal, fabulously-remunerative drug racket, which in 1937 plundered the citizenry of \$1,000,000,000 and is certain to do better in 1938.

In the past quarter-century perhaps a dozen new drugs have been added to the small list of potent chemicals which affect human physiology in a therapeutically-useful way. In the same period the number of patent medicines and drug mixtures with proprietary trademarks has risen by many thousand per cent. Even as this is being written, the new drug-house catalogues, freshly revised, are clogging the mails, weightier by scores of pages than last season's. Over 50,000 preparations — exclusive of the host of glandular and biologic items — are listed in these catalogues, a great proportion of them utterly valueless, the rest absurdly-expensive, flossily-re-named duplications and multiplications of already existing and adequate products. Each of these myriad cures for all human ills is

announced as possessing unique virtues; and this is done with an energy and zest which, rightly applied, could surely rid us of the Depression, achieve an unemployment census, or place visible numbers on every door in the nation.

Side by side with the high-pressure bamboozling of the common people, a special campaign in persuasion is unremittingly directed at the 150,000 doctors practicing the mysteries. For it is with the physician that the written prescription originates, and well do the drug-peddlers know the oracular power of *R*. Not even the highest-sounding advertising eulogy approaches in effectiveness the cryptic order to swallow a teaspoonful after each meal. The compelling power of the pig-Latin prescription lies in this: it is advice paid for by the patient, and is presumably a unique concoction directed to his individual needs. And so the drug-houses have made the medical practitioner the major objective of their ballyhoo and have extended themselves to new and astonishing devices to enlist him in their conspiracy against the national pocket-book.

Their aim, primarily, is at the mass of pre-war medical school graduates who have fallen behind in the confusion of present-day

therapeutics. This pill-to-mouth, prescribe-as-you-run practitioner provides the game the drug-sellers are after. In him they find a minimum of skepticism, a maximum of suggestability, an eagerness for the easy way. Among the younger men, the field is more limited, but the relative neglect of prescribing-technique in most of the medical schools also makes them easy prey to the wiles of sales-office *literati*.

The technique of drug-house seduction varies with the company's advertising budget, drug specialties, and dignity and standing. Many houses are openly quack, offering palatable herb mixtures for diabetes, or "*R* 3072, for Blood Disorders, Rheumatics, Neuralgia, Liver, and Kidneys: \$1.00 a bottle". Their bid for the doctor's patronage is made in the old, magnificently-uninhibited style of Lydia Pinkham. Others, arrogant with the strength of country-wide advertising to the laity, are downright dictatorial. The major drug-houses practice infinite ingratiating — flattery, deference, obsequiousness are their stepping stones to good-will. They have elevated business *politesse* to heights equaled only by head waiters and pre-war diplomats. The essence of their policy is to catch the doctor young and keep him grateful.



## II

While still in medical school, the future M.D. is made aware of his place in the hearts of Mortar, Pestle, & Co., makers of quality drugs. From a handsomely-engraved Oath of Hippocrates, or a volume of Osler's addresses, the manifestations of this benevolence ripen, upon entering internship, to a telegram of congratulation and a sample kit of emergency drugs. Before setting out, the young fearful is urged to visit the firm's offices for advice in finding a location; and the hanging of the shingle is celebrated with touching solicitude. Gift packages in festive wrappings are delivered by Western-Union messengers, free prescription blanks and note books, stationery and elaborate appointment-calendars arrive by the dozen. Detail-men — suave traveling persuaders — call with good wishes and samples — flood-waves of samples inundate the office, cough mixtures and vitamin foods, stimulants and sedatives, cigarettes, cosmetics, contraceptives, cathartics, reducing pills — all accompanied by appropriate literature. Furthermore, the doctor on whom the traveling salesmen use their charms is the subject of a file-index which lacks few details. His

past records at school, hospital, and in practice; his income and banking; his professional and financial standing; his preferences in prescribing and the frequency with which he uses the firm's products. The lavish gifts of eight-cent samples are recorded to the last item, and so is their disposition — whether they are used, given away, or sold.

As practiced by the best detail-men, soft-soaping the physician has developed into a smooth technique, often more remunerative than the profession of the victims. Is the prospect a young man, new in practice? Then be especially respectful; defer to every word as to the latest bulletin from the front of Science. Be rapt at the beauty of his office, at the stylishness of his equipment, at his rare good fortune in having had his training at the Elmira Adenoid Dispensary. Express complete certainty (with a heavy hint of envy) that \$20,000 a year is the least he may expect.

Behind all this good cheer, the fleecing of the customers is managed with a single-minded and sordid intentness. Back of the detail-man's smile is the iron *must* to profit from this good-will, to turn the company's expense into profit. To achieve this, the greatest efforts are concentrated on the average

physician's predilection for the line of least resistance. As one salesman frankly puts it:

We have found that it pays to keep writing to you, to keep giving you drugs free, if only you will prescribe our products once. Once you have used an item in a prescription, it's the easy thing for you to do it again, rather than spend time to look up different drugs and dosages. That's what we bank on. And the busier you are, the more surely it works. Look at the prescription file of any druggist, and see for yourself. It's easier for a busy doctor to change his wife than to forsake his pet prescriptions.

All this to sell 179 differently-named and patented preparations whose only virtue is the one drug they all have in common! The bribing and bugle-tooting and scrabbling-for-favor is dedicated to the end that Mayer's aspirin may outsell the sixty-two (listed for anyone to count) rival preparations of acetylsalicylic acid, all chemically identical and selling at up to 2000 per cent increment over cost. With the poorly-explored realm of glandular products, the drug companies abandon all shame and rush to cash in on the endocrine fad which has resulted in the grossest and most ludicrous quackery in the past millennium. Seventy-four *corpus luteum* products are currently on the pages of drug circulars, *not one of which* has shown the least evidence, on ex-

amination, of containing the active progestin principle. No part of the body has been neglected, and to hell with scientific quibblers. Brain substance, kidney substance, cardiac substance, duodenal substance; mammary, lymphatic, mesenteric substance; pineal, parotid, muscle, prostate, spinal cord, thymus, spleen—these and other varieties of animal hash, in endless permutations of nomenclature, are actually available for sale, are actually sold for what ails you. And as for the ovary, and as for the testis! Scores and scores of beautifully packaged, brightly colored powders, solutions, ampules, tablets, capsules vie with each other for the cash of the buyer—all ruinously expensive, and more impotent than the afflicted customers.

### III

One of the by-products of this big business in health-selling is the elimination of the old-time druggist from the American scene. From a professional with a special knowledge, the druggist has been largely relegated to the role of counter-man, handing over proprietary medicines ready-made. A prescription whose ingredients he can mix at a cost of six cents and sell for sixty, he now must sell for

\$1.25 — but it costs him ninety-eight cents. The druggist finds his compounding skill — once his chief financial asset — less and less in demand, his living usurped, and himself reduced to the status of soda-jerker.

Incessant advertising to the public has resulted in mass self-medication to an extent believable only after a study of hospital statistics. A spectacular series of deaths from radium-water is headline-news in all the papers, but every day people die from chronic poisoning with barbiturate drugs, or from widely-sold acetanilid drugs. Every day there are unwitting suicides who treat cancer of the stomach with little liver pills, arthritis with Professor Browne's cinchophen tablets, or brain tumors with aspirin. The dollar cure-all bought at the old medicine show may have failed to renew your manhood and rid you of worms, too, but it seldom caused more damage than an occasional purge. And from all accounts, the show was pretty good.

Attempts made thus far to protect the public from the more unprincipled drug-houses have been pitifully inadequate. The meek remonstrances of the Department of Agriculture seldom go beyond apologetic confiscation of a few bottles of medicine. The law-

breaker involved is free to try his luck again the very same day. Approval by the Council on Drugs of the American Medical Association is entirely a voluntary matter, courted by a negligible number of drug concerns, and gaily ignored by all the rest. The few thin and un-moneyed publications which raise their frail voices in debunking, stand the chance of a World Peaceways pamphlet against a Boeing bomber. Several thousand city-folk sufficiently enlightened to read this material make a small dent indeed in a market which sooner or later includes the whole population. And scattered indignation, at no matter what temperature, is a sad match for an organized sales-crusade that spares no expense and knows no scruples.

The loot goes on, depression-proof, juicier every year. If a small percentage must be spent for lobbying to keep the Pure Food and Drug law from teething, it is money well invested. Now and then a few dozen trusting citizens are sped to limbo by some especially timely remedy, and we read editorials on elixir of sulfanilamide. But the goose that lays the golden eggs is a prolific fowl, and not easy to discourage. Judging from present indications, it should ovulate cheerfully forever.

## WHAT IS A SOUTHERN LADY?

BY ISABELLE POST

TO THOSE bred in the Yankee tradition, or any tradition beyond the charmed Dixie circle, the Southern Lady has long floated about in Olympian remoteness, together with but one other equally-privileged figure — the Southern Gentleman. Lately, however, the male of that species has suffered a series of debunkings which have dirtied his silky white mane, clouded his keen blue eyes, twisted his venerable goatee, and left him standing, none too steadily, on the terrestrial sod reserved for ordinary mortals. Tons of printed matter on chain-gangs, share-croppers, and lynchings, not to mention the late Huey Long, the current Bilbo, and Justice Black's Klan affiliations — all these have done distinguished service in knocking the pins from under the Southern Gentleman. But through it all the Southern Lady has remained aloof, trailing clouds of glory.

Having lived for several years in a large Southern city distinguished as a cultural and aristo-

cratic stronghold, and again in a small but equally patrician town, and having traveled extensively throughout the South, I know this Flower of All Womanhood. Divest her of her trappings, her storied beauty, virtue, and nobility. Cast aside the crinoline and magnolias, together with the cloying charm, the captivating coquetry, and the quaint you-alls. And what have you? Well, let's see.

Before we plunge into the lurid details, however, it might not be amiss to pause for a better understanding of the term "Southern Lady". Writers of romantic Southern novels would have us believe that all womanhood below the Mason-Dixon Line is divided into two parts: first, the small, select coterie born to the mistress-of-the-plantation tradition and Southern Ladies by divine right; and second, all the others familiarly designated as po' white trash. These writers, aided and abetted by the entire population of the South, have painted a picture so convincing that you have only to ask a North-

erner to give you his idea of a Southern woman, and doggone if he won't pull out a wide veranda, yards of ruffled petticoat, a faithful Mammy, and a perfumed wind bearing the faint strains of negro voices chanting *Ol' Black Joe*. Pretty, isn't it? But dead wrong.

You see, this classification omits the largest group of all — the middle class. Apparently all propaganda emanating from the South has contrived to keep the existence of this class a secret, as though it were a plague-spot on the noble Southern scutcheon. The reason for this is obvious. Such an admission would mean the South's suicide as a superior race of Americans, for it would mean that they are no different from the rest of us. Yet the fact is that the term Southern Lady includes — beside the negligible number of women who possess both the blue blood and the plantation required for true aristocracy — the hordes of Southern middle-class women who are the wives and daughters of business men, mill and factory executives, and moderately-prosperous planters and professionals. The difference between them and the top-ranking aristocracy lies not in ancestry, but in material symbols. These ladies, alas, have no plantations, nor even a mere mansion.

They have nothing but the family portraits, the sword Grandpappy carried in the war against the heathen Yank, and perhaps a trinket or two that belonged to Great-Aunt Mary Jane. Yet they make up the bulk of the Southern-Lady category and that title is their proudest possession, although the "Lady" end of it is no more significant than if we were to designate a Boston housewife a Northern Lady. These, then, are the great majority of Southern Ladies. These are the Ladies I have undertaken to expose.

## II

First, take the matter of family, the *sine qua non* of Southern Ladyship. In other regions, where the Democratic ideals of Americanism have some significance, an individual may rise or fall socially by his own qualities or achievements. Not so in Dixie. There the caste-system is as iron-clad as in India. If a woman is fortunate enough to be born a lady, not even a jail sentence can deprive her of her position among the elect. And if she cannot show a properly-aristocratic lineage, the virtues of all the saints, plus a million dollars or a Nobel Prize, will avail her nothing. Now when you consider that, no matter

how tenuous the thread, there is hardly a Southern Lady who cannot tie her family tree up with either Washington, Jefferson, Stonewall Jackson, Jeff Davis, or Robert E. Lee, Southern class-structure begins to look ridiculous. It takes neither statistics nor arithmetic to realize that where genealogy is concerned at least 90 per cent of our Southern Ladies are indulging in wishful thinking.

Second, any New York high-school girl has had far more actual book-learning than the vast majority of these Southern belles. A college degree is a rarity among them. Pick up any Southern newspaper and turn to the society columns. The marriage announcements of Dixie debs are uniformly verbose in the matter of the lady's ancestry, but sadly anti-climactic about her educational attainments. When the paper says, "Martha Washington Davis Lee attended Boxwood High School", the word "attended" is significant.

Further indications of her cultural level are to be found in her reading matter. For local chit-chat, style hints, recipes, and Walter Winchell, she relies on the local newspaper. But when she decides to go beyond her immediate locale, wherein does she learn of world events? Any newsdealer in the

land of cotton will tell you that the New York *Daily News* sells more than all the other papers combined. You think the Southern Lady provincial? Just ask her about the latest New York nightclub scandal or the events leading up to a sensational murder. She knows more about it, almost, than the persons concerned.

As for magazines you can hunt in vain for any of the better periodicals on most Southern news-stands, for our heroine is an avid reader of the entire range of pulps. She may occasionally skim Dad's *Saturday Evening Post* with the self-conscious feeling of going highbrow; but her soul's daily bread is the Confession Magazines and the Love Pulps. In other centers of civilization pulps are read more or less surreptitiously; in Dixie the Ladies tote them openly and discuss every one with all the animation they can muster.

The favorite charge leveled by Southern Ladies against Northern ones is that they are fast—that is, they drink and fornicate. I need not refute that charge here, but even if it were true, the Southern Ladies should refrain from condemning on the glass-house theory. Let me tell you, these blushing magnolia-blossoms can drink—anything from corn all the way

down the line, and all in one evening. The business of chastity is a bit more ticklish; I don't see how anyone can speak authoritatively on the subject in any locale. But from sitting in on local gossip I gathered that it was not too unusual for the daughters of fine Southern families to sample the facts of life without the sanctity of wedlock. As for the Southern gentlemen, who in books and movies rise to defend with their lives the reputation of their women, their conversations leave the impression that almost any of the belles can be had after three drinks.

### III

But surely all these imperfections must fade when one enters the home of the Southern Lady. Where else shall we find perfection in the art of home-making, if not in the South? Has not the South cultivated gracious living for centuries? Blue-nosed Yankee women must pay for their Toscaninis and their Theater Guilds, their politics and their careers, by living in midget apartments. The Southern Lady, on the other hand, devotes her talents to her home. At least so we have been told. Well, the white-colonial mansions are

there, but more often than not they are badly in need of paint. The ancestral mahogany is there too, all but lost among the lamps and hassocks and antimacassars and knick-knacks that clutter up the run of Southern homes. Frankly, what the South needs is a second invasion, by an army of Yankee housewives equipped with mops and pails.

The Dixie house-cleaning ritual, left entirely to the three-dollar-a-week colored girl, is usually a hit-or-miss affair, emphasis on the miss. The underlying causes for a condition that would horrify the average Yankee housewife are, first, the Lady's extreme laziness and, second, the tradition of her caste which forbids a true lady to concern herself with anything menial. Black housemaids, who are reluctant to move a bed or lift a rug even when harried by Northern mistresses, can scarcely be expected to chase dirt specks when their employers are totally unconcerned.

Yet the dirt beneath the dresser and the cobwebs on the ceiling are as nothing when compared to conditions in the kitchen. I have been in countless Southern mansions, filled with treasures to gladden the hearts of antique-dealers, only to stand aghast on the kitchen thresh-



old. Why? Because the kitchen is Mammy's domain. Southern household help (Mammy-tradition to the contrary notwithstanding) reflects the training, or rather lack of it, received at the hands of the Lady mistresses. Every girl who worked for me had to be taught the simple rudiments of cleaning, and every one of them came with glowing references. Hyacinth, for example, had worked for twelve years in the home of Miz Waddell Jameson, and everyone in the South knows that the Waddell Jamesons are one of the First Families, kin to the Lees on her side and to Jeff Davis on his.

Yet Hyacinth mopped my kitchen floor and wrung the filthy mop out in the sink. When I remonstrated with her, she rolled her eyes and said, "Ah worked for

Miz Waddell Jameson and allus washed de mop in de sink. Miz Waddell Jameson nevah told me nothin about cleanin. Cleanin am niggah's work. Real Suthin Ladies nevah messes roun a kitchen." I was forced to follow Hyacinth like a sleuth to see that she didn't use the same cloth for cleaning the bathroom floor, the inside of the toilet bowl, the tub, basin, and bathroom fixtures, not to say the toothbrush fixtures as well. No wonder there is more disease per capita in the South's sparsely settled green acres than in slum areas in the North.

I have stated my case; showed you the Southern Lady as I have observed her. You must draw your own conclusions from what I have said. But I hope I have disposed, at least, of the Southern Lady as she appears in fiction.



## THE AAA

BY FRANÇOIS MARIE AROUET VOLTAIRE

They have discovered in their fine politics the art of causing those to die of hunger, who, by cultivating the earth, give the means of life to others.

## THE HALL-MILLS MYSTERY

By J. L. BROWN

AT A quarter past seven on the evening of September 14, 1922, Eleanor Mills, a comely young matron of New Brunswick, New Jersey, flounced gaily out of her modest flat, past her husband, who was cooling himself on the front steps. He observed her newest red polka-dot dress with mild surprise. "Where are you going?" he called. Her smile, as she turned to answer, mocked him. "Why don't you follow me and find out?" James Mills dully contemplated her trim figure until it disappeared into the corner drug store. A meek man, he had never been able to make much of the spirited creature he had married.

A few minutes later, the telephone rang in the palatial home of the Rev. Edward W. Hall. The rector was upstairs shaving; his wife was rocking herself on the front porch. Two servants, Louise Geist and Barbara Tough, were busy in the house. When the bell jangled again and again, Mrs. Hall went in to answer. As she placed the receiver to her ear, Dr. Hall's

voice wafted over from the extension above. Did Mrs. Hall listen in on the conversation? She swore later that she did not, and the servants who glanced in and then went back to their work didn't know. In a short while, Dr. Hall hurried out "to attend some services at the church".

Neither Hall nor Mrs. Mills ever returned alive. At three o'clock on the following morning, William Philips, a night-watchman, saw a woman in a tan coat enter the side door of the Hall mansion. On the morning of the 16th, Raymond Schneider and his girl friend, Pearl Bahmer, decided to pick mushrooms. They selected as the likeliest place, De Russey's Lane, a lonely dirt road on the outskirts of New Brunswick, of local renown as a retreat for lovers. Jutting off the lane at one point was a verdant plot, shielded from all but the most prying eyes by the low-reaching limbs of a dwarfed crab-apple tree. Schneider and Miss Bahmer had advanced to this point when they nearly stepped on the outstretched

forms of a "sleeping" couple. Closer inspection, however, sent them out onto the main highway for help.

That it was murder there was no doubt; the course of the bullets and the character of the injuries settled it. The victims were Dr. Hall and Mrs. Mills; they had been dead at least thirty-six hours. The rector had been dispatched with a single well-directed shot, above the right ear; Mrs. Mills had been shot three times in the face and head — a perfect triangle — and her throat savagely slashed. Her vocal organs had been torn out. The clothing on both bodies had been carefully arranged, as if for burial.

For the newspapers, the case was a "natural". Hall was one of the wealthiest and most prominent clergymen in New Jersey; his wife's family, the Stevens', were among the first families of the state. Eleanor Mills was the choir leader in Hall's fashionable church. For a long time the affair between the rector and his pretty parishioner had been one of the choicest bits of scandal in the community. A horde of reporters soon descended upon the vicinity and made the crab-apple tree the news center of the world.

The ensuing confusion is hardly describable. Police, reporters, and

the curious public milled about the bodies, passed items of evidence back and forth and obliterated clues. The rector's calling card, discovered propped against his toes, was showed around; passionate love letters found on the scene were read and scattered about. Dr. Hall's gold watch disappeared, as did his cuff links, a gold brooch, handkerchiefs (with strange initials), and even his shirt. His glasses, found in proper position — and which, accordingly, the murderer must have handled — were thoughtfully wiped clean. No examination of the bodies or clothing was made for fingerprints, nor — and this is unique in criminal annals — was there a coroner's inquest or autopsy before interment.

Not that there was any lack of plausible theories. The authorities leaned towards jealousy as the motive for the crime; Mrs. Hall thought it was robbery; and Ellis Parker, the backwoods detective, accused "some self-appointed censor like the Ku Klux Klan". The night-watchman came forward with his tale of the woman in a tan coat seen entering the Hall home on the morning after the murders; and Mrs. Jane Gibson, later to become internationally famous as the Pig Woman, emerged with a sensational story of having witnessed

the actual crime. On the night of September 14, she said, she was disturbed by thieves stealing her corn. Saddling her mule "Jenny" she followed the thieves down the lane. Near the crab-apple tree, her attention was attracted by loud yelling and cursing. She dismounted, tied "Jenny" to a tree, and crept closer. Suddenly four shots rang out, frightening her so that she rushed to her mule and beat a path homeward. But, discovering that she had dropped a moccasin in her confusion, she went back to find it. Again nearing the fateful spot, she beheld a strange sight. A woman in a tan coat knelt beside a fallen figure, arranging its clothing. She wept fitfully and cried out, "Oh, Henry!" Three men leaned over her, one holding a flashlight, another a "glistening object". Mrs. Gibson swore that the faces were plainly visible; that the woman was Mrs. Hall; the men, Henry Stevens and "Willie" Stevens, her brothers, and her cousin, Henry de la B. Carpenter.

Mrs. Hall readily admitted that she was the woman seen entering her home on the morning after the murders, but said that she had been to the church looking for her husband. Mrs. Gibson, she and the others dismissed as utterly beneath their notice. Five days after the

crime, Ferd A. David, chief detective, jubilantly announced to reporters, "This case is a cinch". But after three months the farcical investigation petered out amidst sanguine charges of bungling, bribery, and the loud protestations of the press.

## II

The four years following were rife with speculation and suspicion; but it was not until the summer of 1926, that the case flared up again under singular circumstances. One Reihl, husband of the former Hall maid, Louise Geist, filed an annulment suit which included the charge that his wife had received \$5000 to conceal evidence. It shortly developed that the petition had been fathered by a New York tabloid, the *Daily Mirror*. Reihl, appalled by the ensuing publicity, tried to withdraw his suit, but too late — certain important persons in New Jersey had been galvanized into activity. Frank Hague, perennial Democratic boss of the State, had his perennial governor, A. Harry Moore, in power. Both had their eyes on the national elections of 1928. Likewise, Alexander Simpson, perennial senator from Hague's Hudson County, had his heart set on the governor's job.

The Hall-Mills case, accordingly, seemed a godsend to the delighted politicians. Hague and Moore took over the investigation; Simpson was appointed special prosecutor "to vindicate the good name of Jersey Justice".

From the first, the acid-tongued and truculent Simpson took reckless delight in fanning local prejudices. Native officials were put on the grill and badgered mercilessly. The imported city police elbowed the "hick cops" aside; even threatened them with arrest when they didn't move fast enough. Moreover, Simpson's bickering with the Grand Jury was a thing of wonder. First, he blatantly announced that he suspected each juror; then he accused them all of obstruction. The foreman retaliated by calling the special prosecutor a liar, and threatened to turn the investigation upon him. By the time the trial rolled around there was hardly an open mind in Somerset County.

Nevertheless, despite his lack of tact and his theatrical methods, Simpson made a vigorous effort to clear up the mystery. Jane Gibson was hunted up and pronounced the star witness for the State. At the precise and dramatic hour of midnight, five troopers rapped on the back door of Mrs. Hall's home.

With them were Philip Payne, editor of the *Mirror*, and a host of newspapermen. They had a warrant charging the widow with murder. Her brothers, Henry Stevens, and the eccentric "Willie", a town character who enjoyed chasing fire engines, and Henry de la B. Carpenter were likewise rounded up and jailed. Trails cooled by the lapse of four years were methodically plodded. The important calling card came into Simpson's possession via the *Mirror*. Three experts swore that it bore "Willie" Stevens' fingerprints.

By laborious work, Simpson built up the State's theory of the crime. Mrs. Hall, he reasoned, having come into possession of some of the love letters, knew of the affair. A strong, proud woman, she kept her peace until a short time before the murders, when she and her family held "a council of war". The rector was warned to cease his attentions to Mrs. Mills. He offered his wife a divorce, instead. On the night of September 14, 1922, according to the State's theory, Mrs. Mills had telephoned the rector. Mrs. Hall answered, and then listened while the fatal appointment was made. When Hall left the house, his wife assembled her brothers and cousin, and they went to the lane to con-

front the couple. Mrs. Hall took along the love letters as additional proof. An argument ensued, during which Henry Stevens, an expert marksman, whipped out a gun and killed both lovers. "Willie" then cut the woman's throat, after which the clothing was carefully arranged and the calling card placed for identification purposes. The widow and Carpenter were passive onlookers.

To support all this, Simpson had, in addition to the direct evidence of Mrs. Gibson and the fingerprints, the testimony of a score of minor witnesses. One said Mrs. Hall had sent a tan coat to Philadelphia to be dyed black after the murders. Others saw scratches on the widow's face at her husband's funeral. A member of Hall's church alleged that a vestryman had spied on the rector for Mrs. Hall. The same vestryman and a choir singer admitted that they had been in the lane the night of the murders and had heard the loud voices, the shrieking and pistol shots, as testified by Mrs. Gibson. Witnesses who had been in or near the lane the fatal night were rounded up to corroborate the story of the Pig Woman. Robert Earling and Charles Alspaugh saw her riding her mule; Elijah K. Soper and others saw a

dark-bodied car similar to the Hall sedan parked in the vicinity. They swore that they could not recognize the occupants, but Ora B. Nixon claimed that Soper had told him a week after the crime that he had identified Mrs. Hall and her two brothers. Witnesses told of seeing "Willie" wandering around in a daze the night of the murders; another alleged that she had been offered \$2500 by a private detective for the defense not to identify Henry Stevens as in the vicinity the following morning. A state trooper who had worked on the first investigation, and afterwards disappeared, said he had been bribed to leave the State by Carpenter.

To the fanfare of hysterical newspaper excitement, the State completed its case.

### III

The trial opened November 3, 1926, at the Somerset County court house in Somerville, with Mrs. Hall, her brothers, and her cousin charged with the murders. The largest portable loop board ever known, automatic typewriters, and direct wires to newspapers were ready to pound out and deliver more words than had ever before been used to describe any

single news or sporting event. Reporters and special writers filled the court room; James Mills and his daughter wrote their impressions for the papers; the wife of a defendant was a commentator for the Curtis chain. Arthur Brisbane wrote daily signed editorials for the first pages of the Hearst Press. But the request of station WRNY to broadcast the affair was refused.

The high point of the trial, of course, was the testimony of Jane Gibson, but no one anticipated the sensational circumstances which shortly developed. Scarcely was the trial under way when she was stricken by a mysterious malady. Senator Simpson interrupted the trial to announce dramatically, "The hand of God is reaching for our chief witness". She recovered sufficiently, however, to brave the journey to court. Police, reporters, and photographers formed an accompanying caravan of automobiles before and behind her ambulance. At each pause bulletins were flashed to the court room, thus:

Stopped at Plainfield for a bottle of ginger ale for patient.

Along the route the curious and morbid cheered and jeered. "Do yer stuff, Jane." "Ooh, the Pig Woman." "Do yer squealin', Jane." At the hall of justice, thou-

sands of persons blocked the way; reporters, cameramen, and public perched and balanced at incredible angles on window frames and marble gargoyles for a better view.

A hospital bed, bearing the witness, was wheeled in front of the jury box. A trained nurse took her place at one side, temperature chart in hand. From time to time she dabbed the dry lips of the witness with cold cream and fed her from a thermos bottle. At the other side stood a physician, watch in hand, his finger on the patient's pulse. As near to the foot of the bed as she could get—placed there, it was said, by the defense—sat Mrs. Salome Cerrner, mother and bitter foe of Mrs. Gibson, mumbling over and over, "Liar, liar, liar".

This was the scene as counsel conducted the examination. Outside, it had started to rain; the wind howled dismally. The melancholy of the weather was imparted to the court room as the hushed audience strained to listen. The waxen face of the witness was barely distinguishable from the white coverlets as she labored to emit the slow sentences of accusation. At the conclusion of her testimony, Mrs. Gibson raised herself with an effort, thrust a wasted hand at the defendants and



shrieked: "I have told the truth, and you know it!"

The defense relied on separate alibis for each of the accused: Mrs. Hall was home during the entire evening; she had merely gone out in the small hours of the morning to search for her husband. "Willie" Stevens was in bed; Henry Stevens was fishing. Carpender's case had been severed; he was not on trial. For the rest, serious doubts were cast upon the character and testimony of the Pig Woman, and upon the authenticity of the calling card. A negro who lived in De Russey's Lane swore that Mrs. Gibson was in his cottage during the hours she claimed to have been chasing corn thieves. Other witnesses stated that she had first picked Carpender and then Henry Stevens as the man with the "glittering object". More fatal even than the testimony of experts who alleged that the prints on the calling card were forged, was the devious journey of the card during the four years.

The trial lasted thirty days. The tabloids, forsooth, had a field day, but even the staid New York *Times* was not far behind, printing solid pages of the testimony verbatim and a dozen editorials. In all, 11,000,000 words were sent

over the wires—enough to fill four hundred standard size newspaper pages or a dozen volumes of the Britannica—and a world's record up to then.

Then, in the midst of the proceedings, Simpson made a sudden motion for a mistrial. "The jury is loaded," he telegraphed Governor Moore, "we might as well present the evidence to twelve trees." Affidavits were procured from police and reporters to the effect that some of the jurors slept during the trial, that others were violently anti-Simpson and anti-Hudson County. It was a futile gesture. When the jury came in with an acquittal after only three ballots, Simpson was not even present in the court room. "Jersey justice," he wrote, "ought to be embalmed and shipped to the British Museum."

The Hall-Mills murders thus remain a mystery to this day; but, concededly, only by grace of the bungling stupidity of the officials on the scene. As the New York *Times* observed in a leading editorial, the crime was committed under circumstances which should have left plenty of clues. Proper detective work would have solved it within twenty-four hours of its discovery.

# WORK YOUR WAY THROUGH COLLEGE?

By JOE R. MOTHERAL

IF THERE is one thing that instantly arouses my suspicions about a man's sense of honesty, it is the smug statement, "I worked my way through college". The phrase has been tossed about so freely that we automatically associate it with the self-made man and sundry other Horatio-Alger-like phenomena. Yet show me ten self-maders who allegedly worked their way through college and I'll show you nine out-and-out liars, and one equivocator.

He may have mooched his way through; he may have stolen or gambled his way through; he might have borrowed prodigiously; he might actually have earned a sizeable portion of his expenses while pursuing the wily parchment: but the chances are that a youngster who sets out for college with a light heart and pocketbook will get nothing but a flock of F's in his courses and a multitude of disappointments in his social contacts. As one who has been following this futile trail since 1932, I feel qualified to condemn

the work-your-way-through-college notion. If my wife continues to make me a living, I will receive my degree next year, after seven years of disillusionment.

Let us examine the facts, if you doubt the formidable nature of collegiate self-subsistence. First, there are the expenses. In an average institution of university rank, the matriculation fee will amount to not less than about \$60 a year. Add to this medical, laboratory, library, and similar extra assessments; textbooks, notebooks, typewriter, fountain pen, and numerous other required supplies. This will easily double the cost of registering. Total: \$120. Next, there is room and board to be considered. Decent living quarters and digestible food cannot ordinarily be furnished for less than \$30 a month; \$270 a year. Total: \$390. A boy might skimp the first year or two on his clothes, but sooner or later they will wear out. About \$60 a year will save him from utter embarrassment. Total: \$450. If he attends a movie occasionally, has a date once in a while

— and he *will* have a few dates — if he pays carfare to and from the campus, buys toothpaste, hair tonic, has his clothes cleaned and laundered every week or so; if he spends his money foolishly or sanely, in order to lead a normal, moderately-contented life, he must dispose of at least \$150 more. Thus the grand total, based on minimum requirements at a state-operated university, amounts to \$600.

That is an average of \$70 a month. How much of this can our hypothetical hero earn in his spare time?

In the first place, if he is carrying a heavy load of courses, he won't have any spare time, particularly if he has chosen a natural-science major and is meeting a half dozen laboratory-sections each week. But let us assume a fifteen-semester-hour course, which is certainly a reasonable estimate, and two three-hour labs a week. That makes twenty-one hours of actual attendance in theory and lab classrooms. The universally-accepted ratio for hours of outside study to hours of classroom attendance is two to one. This dissipates forty-two more hours of our scholar's educational week. Total: sixty-three hours. Allowing eight hours sleep per night, and an hour and a half for meals, slashes some sixty-seven more

hours off the diminishing week. Total: 130 hours. If he gets involved in an occasional "bull session", if he steps around the corner for a bottle of beer, if he attends the aforementioned movie or has the aforesaid date, if he even writes a letter home — down, down go his allotted hours. At any rate, I have known very few students who could salvage for working purposes more than thirty hours a week, 130 hours a month, out of this available time.

Almost always there is a standardized, local wage-scale for college students. One college I attended set thirty cents an hour for all student work, whether for grading papers or sweeping out the mule barn. I once worked for six weeks at fifteen cents an hour and have made as high as fifty cents for emergency work of a technical or hazardous nature. Naturally, there is a high degree of correlation between the standard wage-scale and the cost of an education. Usually the higher the tuition, the more a student can earn. For our example, though, a flat maximum of forty cents an hour would be a lavish estimate. Multiply 40¢ by 130 and you get fifty-two dollars a month, still a hungry, sacrificing eighteen dollars short of minimum requirements.

What about making up the deficit in the summer, you say? What kind of job can a boy get that will allow him to save \$160 in three months? By the time summer rolls around, the genuine working-student will be so exhausted from the long weeks of lost sleep, penny-pinching, and starvation-fighting that he will likely not give a damn whether he works through the summer or sleeps through it. What is worse, he has begun to wonder if this seemingly-endless torture is worth the reward it is supposed to pay, if it might not be easier to ditch the academic cap and gown for the drug-store apron and jacket, or anything else that will permit him to eat and sleep regularly and enjoy a little of this life that seems to effervesce all about him.

He has come to envy his more fortunate classmates who have only to wait each month for the old allowance check. He traces his miserable scholastic record directly to his financial disadvantage. Thinking of the all-men-born-free-and-equal philosophy that he once nurtured so tenderly nauseates him. His mind is fertile soil for the seeds of Radicalism, and the very instrument that is supposed to foster Americanism often evolves into a

potent weapon against it. If he has refused to forego the simpler pleasures of college life, he has done it at the expense of his pride—by living on his friends, or at the expense of his grades—and he is soon flunked out. If he has stoically denied himself the privilege of essential recreation, he has developed anti-social tendencies.

Only a born entrepreneur can really work his way through college without some assistance; and even he is likely to permit his entrepreneurship to overbalance his scholarship. I couldn't or wouldn't do it, and I have worked as soda jerker, boat tender, carpenter, waiter, paper grader, painter, file clerk, life-insurance salesman, social-research worker, milkman, and a score of other enterprises. The students who stand by far the best chance of emerging from college unwarped and equipped for a real future, are those who receive moral and financial support from their parents.

A friend, knowing of my own experience as a working student, once asked me if I planned to make my own son earn a part or all of his expenses through college.

"If," I told him, "I am unable to pay for his college education, my boy will stay at home."

# AMERICANS WILL DRINK ANYTHING

BY LAURENCE BELL

AMONG the many distinctions which set the American apart from all other nationals, civilized or not, is the extreme catholicity with which he embraces *spiritus frumenti*. Give him a flagon of virtually any liquid containing, or alleged to contain, sufficient alcohol to banish his sorrows, and he will up-end it without question; moreover, he not only will live to boast of it, but get around under his own steam and have a hell of a good time while his physical and mental processes respond to the shock. In other countries, perhaps because they have had time to grow cautious, the citizens confine themselves, in the main, to guzzling a particular beverage which through centuries of use has taken on something of the national character: Britons stick to malt whiskeys and ale, Germans to beer, French and Italians to the wine of the grape, Chinese and Japs to rice wine, and so on.

Not so Americans. Seemingly we can, and will, drink anything that packs what is vulgarly called

a kick. Indeed, there are now at large in the land any number of two-fisted drinkers who can in one evening polish off terrifying amounts of all the aforementioned potions, with a hearty sneer for each respective nation, and suffer nothing more serious than a middling hangover the day following. This group includes both sexes—the gals, in fact, being particularly gifted at mixed guzzling: I know one 112-pound lass who takes in her stride Scotch, *pernod* (and *absinthe*, if she can get it), champagne, and beer—she bars only gin, and that, I suppose, because it looks like water.

How and where we acquired such impartial tastes and supernatural powers of resistance is a baffling question. Prohibition is not to blame, though during its incredible span the ingenuity and resourcefulness of *homo Americanus* were taxed to the limit. We were at it, swilling the most hellish admixtures conceivable, long before the Anti-Saloon League and kindred *Bunds* ever were heard of.

As far back as 1774, before America was even an autonomous nation, the colonists had made great strides in their ambition to become human sewage-disposal plants; a lurid commentary on this progress is to be found in *A New American History*, by William E. Woodward. Quoting from the diary of an English visitor to Philadelphia in that year, who was given "cider and punch for lunch; rum and brandy before dinner; punch, Madeira, port and sherry at dinner; punch and *liqueurs* with the ladies; and wine, spirit and punch till bedtime; all in punch bowls big enough for a goose to swim in", Dr. Woodward concludes that

They were bold drinkers — our colonial ancestors; they thought nothing of mixing gin with beer, and rum with beer. These concoctions, if taken in any considerable quantity, would certainly floor any ordinary man of our time. More than that, they used to stir gin, beer, and molasses together and drink it. . . . Among the gin-beer mixtures was one called rumfustian. If you want to try it, just take half a pint of gin, a quart of beer, a bottle of sherry, the yolks of a dozen eggs, sugar and nutmeg. . . .

Dr. Woodward apparently experimented with this outlandish mess himself, in the interest of scientific research, for he adds that "it has a queer taste — a leathery taste — but it carries authority like a

man carrying a club". He also advances the theory that these feats of elbow-bending were possible only because the colonials had grown extraordinarily tough from living in badly-heated houses, working outdoors in freezing weather, and so on. But if this is true, what of the Twentieth-Century Americans who have never endured more arduous exposure than is encountered watching a football game, but can toss off even more revolting mixtures without a murmur? Dr. Woodward's own South is swarming with "ordinary" men, and even beardless youths, to whom rumfustian would be no worse a hurdle than egg-nog. Conditioned as they are by the execrable white mule of the region, the Southerners are well-nigh immune to alcoholic sickness. Fetch the average Confederate up North, and he finds it practically impossible to achieve the desired glowing state unless he *does* mix his drinks.

## II

Now there is much to be said in praise of corn whiskey which has been properly distilled and has spent the required period in charred-oaken casks. As a native Southerner who has sampled such

liquor from the hills of Kentucky to the East-Texas bottom lands, I stand ready to defend its honor any day. But as for white mule, I am here to say that the most horrific tales ever told about it are all too true: white mule is distilled in every kind of receptacle from tin lard cans to galvanized-iron washboilers—anything, in fact, that will hold the mash and withstand the heat of fire; indeed, I once saw a miniature still that a negro had fashioned from a *pot de chambre* and a length of rubber tubing. In taste this stuff is worse than anything imaginable; its odor is noxious enough to discourage even *mephitis mephitis*, and its effect upon the consumer is conducive to mayhem, inciting to riot, rape, and even murder. Under its influence, citizens of the Straight Democratic Belt have been known to commit deeds of violence which, by comparison, make the heroin-crazed exploits of gangland's rod-men seem like mere horseplay. Yet the back-country *boulevardiers* commonly sip it with the lip-smacking relish reserved among urban men for vintage wines. Verily, there is no disputing tastes.

There was a time, however, when the pre-eminence of white mule as a panacea for the woes of

the Southern crackers was open to challenge. This was following the discovery of brain-jolting properties in the theretofore humble household pharmaceutical known as Jamaica ginger, which, like the more refined paregoric, allegedly relieved every ailment from colic in infants to dysentery in adults. This important contribution to toppers' lore probably resulted from the researches of Northerners who stampeded the Southwest during the oil-boom days of 1918-1923, and who, in their inability to stomach the moonshine thereabouts, took to sampling every patent medicine available whose label indicated alcohol in appreciable content. At all events, Jamaica ginger, which was hit upon after sundry (and often catastrophic) experimenting with hair tonics, emulsions, liniments, and even cathartics, came near to bankrupting the distillers of white mule. "Jake", as the stuff soon came to be known, was nothing but pure-grain alcohol with a dash of ginger and, as can easily be guessed, was hotter than the traditional depot stove.

Fiery as it was, jake was immensely more palatable than the rot-gut whiskey made by the Texans and Oklahomans, and the initial shock from downing a two-

ounce bottle was followed almost immediately by a sensation of well-nigh beatific proportions. It had to be drunk straight, since mixing it with anything seemed only to add to its pyrogenic qualities, but it went straight to the gizzard and from that point radiated its warmth simultaneously to the great toes and the *medulla oblongata*. By the time the consumer had smoked two cigarettes to assuage the scorching of his palate, he felt better than if he had swallowed a like amount of Napoleon brandy. Better still, since jake was ostensibly of medicinal value, it could be bought in any drug store, and was sometimes even served at soda fountains. This freedom of dispensation, sad to say, led to abuses; unethical fellows took to opening up drug stores with little more stock than a couple of gallons of jake and a gross of two-ounce bottles. These joints gave the elixir a bad name, and it fell steadily in repute, finally being banned by respectable druggists altogether. The final blow came when a wholesale drug house confected a batch of Jamaica ginger from Government-poisoned alcohol (Remember Mabel Walker Willebrandt?), and about seven thousand natives, from Tennessee to Texas, came down with paralysis from having

drunk it. This affliction became known as "jake leg", and resulted in its victims having to navigate thereafter in the manner of fiddler crabs. Since 1931, when this plague swept through the Southland, jake has become almost obsolete. Those of the crackers who escaped grew panicky, and returned to their first love, the fermented juice of the corn.

### III

The Yankee, despite his allegedly-higher cultural quotient, is no more discriminating than the lowly Dixielander when the alcoholic urge is upon him. Before, during, and since the nobly-conceived experiment, he has outraged his palate and stomach with beverages that a Southern white-trash would hesitate to feed to his hogs. For example, the gin-and-ginger-ale highball. Gin, to be sure, was the safest liquor obtainable during the late Prohibition, unless one was an Economic Royalist and could anchor a yacht-load of pre-war stuff just past the twelve-mile limit; but certainly it was not so immediately incumbent upon the Yank to get himself plastered that he could not have found a less revulsive mixer; he would have fared no worse, indeed, had he swilled the stuff



straight. Curiously enough, however, this sickeningly sweet mess was precisely what the effete Northern palate craved, and it gained such popularity, particularly among New Yorkers, that it is widely popular to this day, even in bars selling reasonably good liquor and manned by expert bartenders. Addicts of the ghastly potion say defensively that you eventually acquire a taste for it, but the same could be said, I daresay, for raw liver.

Another peculiarly New Yorkish perversion is that which entails drinking beer as a chaser for rye whiskey. Known among the Hells-Kitchen gentry as “miner’s champagne”, this mixture produces an aftertaste which words cannot describe; but the citizens of this dreadful town actually find it pleasant, and it enjoys great prestige from the Battery to Yonkers. And, if my out-of-town readers are not too nauseated to read further, there are the numerous highballs employing grain alcohol as their base which, like the gin-and-gingerale highball, survive from Prohibition days. Many citizens in those days acquired the habit of buying alcohol in quantity and, with glycerine and juniper extract, making their own gin. But sometimes the supply of gin would run out, as on

occasions of great festivity—or else this bathtub-manufactured beverage would not be vile enough for all tastes—and the celebrants would accordingly mix the alcohol with whatever liquid was handy, be it sarsaparilla or *crème de cacao*. Sometimes, indeed, the alcohol was merely diluted with tap water, and I have heard people boast of having drunk the stuff straight. This is hardly to be doubted, considering the other dreadful draughts civilized man has been able to survive.

There is no need to cite further examples, as I believe I have proved my point that Americans can and will drink anything they believe to be intoxicating. Certainly no less hardy race could have come through the horrors of Prohibition with fewer devastating effects. That the nation’s invulnerability may extend to other poisons—for example, the flow of politico-economic bilge emanating from Washington—is something to hope for. If the next few years show that the American citizen’s head is as hard as the iron lining of his stomach, that he can shake off the stupefying effects of the Roosevelt Brain Trust as easily as he can shake off the effects of a mere Mickey Finn, we may pull through after all.

## IS SEX LAWFUL?

By ANTHONY M. TURANO

WHEN the current campaign against venereal disease got under way, it seemed that the doctors were about to sing a high requiem over the remains of that mincing gossip, Mrs. Grundy. But the evasive old girl simply donned a nurse's uniform and helped to feed a few shots of Salvarsan to the spirochetes. For all other purposes she clings to her familiar role, with the preposterous result that sex is mentionable only in its pathological condition, and the same fumbling laws relating to the subject appear unchanged on the books.

To be sure, a frankly-written article sometimes escapes the sleepy censors of certain localities, or an intelligent judge ignores precedent by issuing a certificate of cleanliness for a *Ulysses*. But it is still generally true that when an author refuses to use a stork or an asterisk in the proper place he comes into conflict with the smut-seeking Comstocks. Recently fifty periodicals were suppressed in Boston, and a hundred more consigned to the hangman in Denver.

In Los Angeles the owner of a movie theater was arrested for exhibiting on a poster the physical equipment customarily used by human females to nourish their young. Later Mae West became a national problem when she made the shocking suggestion that Adam and Eve had indulged in certain intimacies in order to perpetuate the race. And, finally, the letterbags of the Republic were saved from pollution when Mr. Farley denied the mails to an issue of *Ken* wherein a prostitute confessed that she followed her profession as a matter of economic choice.

Since, in this country, it is improper to admit that infants are conceived in lust, it is equally felonious to reveal that they arrive through the laws of gestation. Thus when the American Committee on Maternal Welfare sought to exhibit *The Birth of a Baby*, an educational movie depicting the process of pregnancy and parturition, the New York Board of Censors decided that the ways of Nature were too obscene to be im-

parted to the general public. And when *Life* reproduced four pages of pictures taken from the film, the magazine was promptly suppressed in Pennsylvania and sixty other communities. Every obstetrician knows that the high mortality-rate for mothers and infants is largely due to the conventionally-fostered ignorance of the physiology of reproduction: yet the self-appointed custodians of the national chastity steadfastly continue to believe that an epidemic of immorality is inevitable should the procreative function be given the recognition permitted all other commonplace activities of the race.

These flagrant denials of the right of free press would be deplorable enough, even if judges and law-makers could decide what constitutes a lewd or lascivious publication. But such is the legal confusion on the subject that what is harmless reading in Tallahassee may be declared moral dynamite in Kalamazoo. Since there is no known way to measure obscenity, its final definition in any particular case depends on the prejudice or religious bias of the court, and ponderous judges who cannot distinguish a madrigal from a writ of habeas corpus are daily called upon to sit as literary critics. In *The Commonwealth vs. Friede*, involving

the suppression of *An American Tragedy*, for instance, the Supreme Court of Massachusetts undertook to instruct Theodore Dreiser about what may be included in a novel to produce an intended effect:

There is nothing essential to the history of its principal character that would be lost if these passages were omitted which the jury found were obscene, indecent, and manifestly tending to corrupt the morals of youth.

It is widely suspected, of course, that, whatever the ideal conduct of bachelors and nobiles, there must be a certain amount of legally-approved devilry among married-folk. Indeed, I have it from a sober judicial decision that "Sex is one of the incitements of matrimony". But this does not mean that the procreative impulse can be publically admitted to exist, even in Holy Wedlock. Some years ago a New York court suppressed the play *Orange Blossoms* because of a brief scene in which the bride had gone modestly to bed and the groom entered the room as the curtain fell. Nor is it possible to plead that an author's work is a fair representation of the biological truth. According to a Philadelphia court:

It did not matter whether the things published in the book were true and in conformity with the laws of nature and the laws of our being, or not.

Consequently the writer most likely to impress the judges with his artistic worth is the consummate liar who is willing to reiterate the stupid fiction that human beings, who eat and sleep like other mammals, reproduce their kind through an esoteric juggling of the Christian virtues. Aside from this indication that to prevaricate is a civic duty, there is no uniformity about the exceptional conditions under which veracity is not a penitentiary offense. A mother may be sent to jail if she dares convey to her daughter by mail a recipe for the postponement of pregnancy. Yet the same lady would doubtless receive judicial commendation for dispatching a Bible, in which the technique of onanism is clearly described.

Under some court decisions there is a distinction between ordinary nastiness that offends the nose and erogenous naughtiness that affects the procreative batteries. Some years ago, in *The People vs. Wendling*, the Court found that the play *Frankie and Johnnie* "may tend to coarsen and vulgarize the youth who might witness it", but the ruling was that nothing could be done about it because "it has no tendency to arouse lustful and lecherous desire". It is usually assumed that a demon of

lust sits constantly bestride certain four-letter words of Anglo-Saxon origin, and if an author does not make a stevedore talk like a pansy, the censor's task is comparatively plain. But according to another solemn tenet of judicial bibliomancy, "the courts have regard for the idea conveyed"; and the Beelzebubs of passion may lurk almost anywhere on the printed page. So that a Shandean innuendo about a what-do-you-call-it may be deemed more destructive of national chastity than a Rabelaisian catalogue of the architectural ingredients of the Walls of Paris. Of course, since the best of tumblebugs are sometimes mistaken, a dirt-detecting prosecutor may read indecency where none is intended. When Cabell's *Jurgen* was on trial, the principal dispute was whether the subtle author, in speaking of a sword, had attempted to beat the article into a plowshare of contraband husbandry. In this case a judicial passport was finally issued, on the basis of the famous counterformula to the evil-eye and double-meaning: *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

Perhaps because of the practical inconvenience that might attend the fumigation of all libraries, the learned judges have recognized a peculiar rule to the effect that a

corruptible book assumes incorruptibility through the simple process of becoming worm-eaten on a library shelf. A certificate of purity was thus issued by a New York tribunal in favor of *Ars Amandi*, *The Decameron*, *The Heptameron*, and other frankly-written classics. "They rank with the higher literature," says the opinion. "They are not corrupting upon the morals of the young because they are not likely to reach them." Yet hundreds of comparatively innocuous volumes of more recent vintage bite the dust or circulate through bootleggers.

It has been held that a book must be judged as a whole and not by the possible moral effects of isolated parts. Still, there are impressive opinions to the contrary: in the case of *An American Tragedy*, it was declared that "it would have been impracticable" to read an 800-page novel in court and that a forbidden paragraph was sufficient to pollute two volumes. As the judges explained:

The seller of a book containing obscene passages cannot assume that children would not read the obnoxious passages or continue to read until the evil effects of the obscene passages were weakened or dissipated.

In *The United States vs. Dysart* the offensive communication was a postal-card describing a "pri-

vate retreat for unmarried pregnant women who prefer to be away from home during pregnancy and confinement". Although such institutions may thrive legitimately, it was held that to mention them in print "may be the means of covertly suggesting" illicit sexual desires. Evidently it is wicked to help the wicked; and if legally-enforced ignorance does not insure morality, the victims must endure the mental torture, as well as the physical pain, that goes with the offense.

Because of the dual nature of man, the most high-minded Puritan is sometimes compelled to wallow in the pornography of his bath or bestir himself to beget an heir. This unavoidable conflict between practice and preachment has led to another comic maze of legal contradiction as to the difference between private godliness and public shame. According to the early Georgia case of *The State vs. Dillard*, a man may be imprisoned for the obscenity of "asking a female to go to bed with him". But an Indiana court explained, in *The State vs. Wain-scott*, that the crime exists only when the lady refuses. If the erotic plan is carried out, and the only witness to it is the cuckolded husband, there is no offense because

the outrage is not perpetrated on the general public.

On the theory that a citizen's decorum cannot be criminally offended with his consent, it was ruled in *The People vs. Burke* that "the appearance of men and women unclothed in a gymnasium" under the auspices of a nudist organization, did not constitute obscenity. It is not easy to imagine how an improper book can be sold without the active cooperation of the purchaser. Nevertheless, the same Court held, in *The People vs. Fellerman*, that "one who sold a magazine containing pictures of persons in nudist camps" was guilty of depraving the public morality. The ridiculous conclusion is that, by embracing the tenets of nudism, a sex-minded citizen may feast his eyes on a camp full of female originals in the natural state; but unless he is willing to remove his own pyjamas in public, the law will prevent him from viewing a photograph of the naked truth. •

## II

These fumbling distinctions between seemingly conduct and its printed representation ceased to command general acceptance when bustles were replaced by one-

piece bathing suits and Kotex took its place among the advertised commodities. Yet it would be difficult to argue that Anthony Comstock is no longer a canonized saint when, for example, the San Francisco *Examiner* recently complained that movie osculations are "unduly protracted" and "thus is an innocent kiss converted into a lewd and offensive gesture". The average parent may no longer regard the Stork Myth as obligatory stuffing for small pitchers with large ears, but the notion is still general that "the facts of life" must be imparted by means of a new lie, such as describing how nice honey-bees bring forth whole colonies of nice honey-bees. A typical example of this pseudo-emancipation recently came from Dorothy Thompson. After soundly slapping the prurient censors of *The Birth of a Baby*, she gingerly deposited a few daisies on Comstock's grave by granting "an artistic objection" on the grounds that "the whole picture is not particularly aesthetic". In other words, the business of begetting children may be safely mentioned, since Satan no longer sits on Mons Veneris; but there must be no candid camera around the premises, because the biological processes are ugly and repulsive. It should be obvious, however,

that anything that is interesting cannot be ugly. No sensitive esthete has ever renounced beef-steaks because they are the homely remainders of dead cows. If a woman's mouth is kissable it does not become less inviting because the same orifice is used for the reception of mashed potatoes.

Considering it to be the legitimate purpose of any periodical to disseminate information THE AMERICAN MERCURY has printed various articles on sex. Although the material was generally received with appreciation, there were some protests from persons of intelligence and position. They positively denied that prudery actuated their attitude and then insisted, in effect, that everyday sexual problems are in the same category as cancer and tuberculosis and should be treated only by medical publications, where they can be concealed by a seemingly veil of technical polysyllables. Other readers favor a new Mrs. Grundy who rolls her stockings and practices birth-control, while coyly protesting that sex is no laughing matter. Several months ago I reviewed in these pages the scientific developments in artificial impregnation. After describing the technique I suggested that procreation without copulation was an amusing joke

on the three principals and the baby. A shocked lady assured me that I had polluted my style by not simulating a reverent and lugubrious tone. Evidently the only person who may approach sex in motley attire is the traveling salesman in the smoking car.

Still another group complains that a frank treatment of sex in a general periodical is likely to ruin the adolescent population. Adult literature is obviously intended for adult minds. But mature citizens are evidently expected to forego their normal intellectual diet for fear that children may accidentally tackle the same comestibles: It is doubtful, however, whether a child has ever been corrupted by a frank presentation of physiological facts. There are worse sources of information than the printed page; and the only possible effect of censorship is to stunt and distort the personality, thereby adding to the sum-total of human misery. The American divorce rate is the highest in the world, and it has been frequently pointed out that fully three-fourths of all matrimonial unhappiness is the result of plain imbecility concerning what is known as family duty.

An equally-significant product of social hypocrisy is a citizenry whose emotional impulses find

vicarious over-expression in countless neurotic pre-occupations. It is no sociological accident that America was until recently the classical land of the religious revival at which huge crowds consecrated their pent-up energies to the Lord; and it would be difficult to deny the Mariolatrous sublimations afforded by such home-made saints as the Mesdames Eddy, McPherson, Besant, and Blavatzky. An even more popular escape is, of course, the dream world of the movie, where sexual frustration is unknown and the love-theme is given a seventy-five-per-cent predominance over all other human activities. But the vehicle that affords the repressed biological instinct a veritable anarchy of mental over-indulgence is the daily newspaper, for such is the distorted result of our traditional Comstockery that the press finds it profitable to give greater space to the capricious of a local rapist than to a flood in China or a civil war in Spain; and the same citizen who buries his head in shame at the mention of a gutter-syllable will privately

feast on the rich details of something euphemistically called an "attack case".

In brief, the glorious attempt to regulate the vocabulary-content of individual minds has been just as hypocritical and futile as the recent famous endeavor to control the liquid intake of individual stomachs. Every State has ample penalties against overt violations of the sex morality. Further punishments are prescribed for the invasion of the rights of privacy; and there are no laws anywhere *compelling* the citizen to purchase any particular kind of literature. Hence the abrogation of the various attempted definitions of obscenity would have no other effect than to give the declaration of a free press its logical meaning.

It should be obvious, after all, that the final decision of what constitutes verbal propriety has always depended, like every other question of manners, on the subjective taste of each individual. Private conscience can never be regulated by theological fulmination or judicial writ.





## IN DEFENSE OF THE THIRD DEGREE

BY LARSTON DAWN FARRAR

WE DECIDED unanimously four years ago in my college criminology class that officers of the law were too, too hard on the poor criminals. We judged by the number of reported beatings administered by policemen, the supposed prevalence of third-degree methods, and the number of murders performed by officers in the course of their duties. Each of us believed that cops were either ignorant or crooked, or both. Since we were in the South, most of us held that policemen killed too many men, particularly negroes. Our teacher had studied his subject at four universities. He encouraged our beliefs about police brutality. Under his fiery words, we softened toward "the underdogs of society", as he used to call criminals. If his recommendations had been carried out, I am sure that by now policemen would be using toy pistols and prisons would be modified Sunday-Schools.

"Is there not," he used to ask, "some better way of obtaining convictions than by beating a confes-

sion out of a suspect? Is this not a direct violation of all the civil rights on which our republic was founded?" We nodded vigorous assent, and never thought to ask him how he would obtain a confession or get a conviction in the face of legal technicians who knew all the answers. Or to learn whether or not he believed unarmed citizens had a right to be protected so they could enjoy their civil rights in a civil way. Maybe it was for the best that these questions never came to my mind, since I made a straight A average in his class.

With a degree of shame, I must confess I was a leader of the reform group. I had seen two policemen beat the hell out of a noisy drunk one day, and the experience was enough to convince me that all officers were cruel. I had heard criminologists speak about policemen and they were of the same mind. And hadn't I read several articles exposing third-degree methods? Today, my ideas on the subject are so different that I have

to refer to notes to be sure I'm the same fellow. Few of my classmates, however, have changed their opinions on the subject and, thanks to criminology teachers who have never had to arrest a murderer, their ideas are almost universal.

My opinions have changed because, instead of becoming a criminologist I became a newspaper reporter and was assigned to the police beat. If ever anyone went to a police station with pre-conceived notions about treatment of criminals, and prejudices about policemen in general, I was the guy. During the first week, all my suspicions and pre-conceptions were proven true. Unfolded before my biased eyes were examples of bungling detective work, cruelty, and insensibility. My job carried me into the inner offices of the detective force, and I saw policemen use that small piece of hard-rubber hose; I saw fat detectives whip nice looking boys; I saw officers beat men with blackjacks; I heard other officers threaten their prisoners with death, and I believed them. I took notes on all these happenings, with the object of some day bringing reforms to the city. Oh yes, I was determined to expose the whole cruel system.

For four years, then, in three different large cities, I took notes

— and then I began to doubt some of the points made so fervently by my teacher. I wondered if it were not possible that policemen might have some right on their side of the eternal struggle between the law and law-breakers. Instead of automatically feeling sorry for every criminal brought into the station-house, I began to wonder whether or not he deserved mercy.

One night detectives brought in an unusually handsome, curly-haired youth, who looked as if he had been reared in the best type of home. He was a model of behavior in the detective-room. (The fact is, all criminals manage to look innocent sitting handcuffed to a chair in police headquarters.) While I watched the youth, an old man came in. A few weeks before someone had entered his house and beaten him with a crowbar, then ransacked the place and taken his life savings. Only by a miracle of medical science was he able to stand up and look at the line of men before him. Unhesitatingly, he identified the handsome youth.

When the old man had gone, the boy maintained that he had been with two friends on the night of the robbery. He was confident; he knew, as we all did, that no jury would accept a sick old man's identification as final, and his

friends would certainly swear that he had been with them. So what were the detectives to do? Let him walk out to rob some more? Their other evidence — from stool-pigeons — had convinced them that this was the man they wanted. Legally they should have allowed the youth to make bond and get a lawyer. But they didn't; and after they had applied the rubber hose for twenty minutes he talked.

"Don't hit me any more," I heard him scream. "I did it! I did it! I'll take you to where I hid the money."

## II

When I look back over my sheaf of "reform" notes, I ask myself: Why shouldn't the cops be rough? — the criminals are. On one of my little sheets — which will never be used to sway a criminology class — are these words: "Saw policeman beating white man with blackjack today. Man had done nothing more than curse officer, who has killed several men in seven years on force." Looking at that note the reader visions a stern-faced, merciless officer, a killer. Yet this is not correct. My note was entirely true, and at the time I believed that the policeman should be discharged. But during

the months following I became acquainted with him. I found him a gentleman — when among gentlemen. Then how did he come to kill these men? Well, one of the victims was killed in a gun battle; if the officer had not shot with better aim the police-pension board would be paying another widow. Another of the killings took place late at night, when the policeman's query, "Who's there?" was answered by a shot. I said that I saw this officer beating a man. Why? The arrested man had already served one term for attacking an officer unawares. The policeman was taking no chances.

Another of my notes would be a good text for a sermon against policemen, if only the side I recorded were used. It reads: "Saw two dicks question a pretty young woman today. She wept continuously under their questions." Sounds bad for the detectives, doesn't it? It looked bad to me at the time, until I learned she was a safe-cracker's wife. She looked innocent, but there was no record of her weeping when she watched her husband kill a night-watchman.

My criminology teacher would have squirmed with anger and resentment if he had been with me on another night. Detectives were questioning two boys, seventeen

and eighteen, about a series of ride-robberies, in which half-a-dozen citizens had been beaten, stripped of their clothes, and left stranded. Through a stool-pigeon, the police had nabbed the boys, but lacked definite proof of the crimes. I watched as the dicks applied strong-arm methods. Neither of the boys had been strapped for years and it was exactly what they needed. They got it, and confessions followed the beatings.

Poor boys, you say, beaten like rats! Yeah, poor boys who take the last cent a man has worked for and saved, and then beat hell out of him because he hasn't more. Poor boys, who strip their victim and then have a little fun beating him over the head. Until you talk to a robbery victim, or become one, you never realize how rough a policeman wants to be sometimes.

During the past year I have seen as many cases of "police brutality" as ever. I have watched the police grill dozens of suspects, and I am not ashamed of my new attitude toward policemen and their strong-arm methods. For during this time I have also heard the hysteria of women whose homes have been invaded by criminals; I have seen the bloody heads of robbery victims; and I have visited the scenes of murders which make

the results of the third-degree look like innocent fun.

All this brings up the question: Are cops today as ignorant as the general public seems to think? The answer is, No. Policemen as a rule have more worthwhile knowledge of criminals than criminology professors ever do—unless the latter get out of the classroom and do some active police-work, which is seldom the case. Criminologists may know at what age criminals flourish, what conditions breed crime, and what should be done, theoretically, to reform our underdogs of society. But the police know criminals personally.

I know dozens of policemen who could make more money in other fields, for they are above the average in intelligence, physique, and knowledge. Yet they like their work, and they could make this country a better place to live in if . . . If what? If the public, instead of griping about so much crime, would support the officers who are trying to put a stop to this crime; if the public would stop howling every time a crook gets his—if the public, in brief, would take a realistic instead of a sentimental view of police brutality, then at last the law would be getting the co-operation it needs.

# GOOD OLD SYBIL CARRIES ON

## *A Parody*

BY JOSEPHINE STICKNEY

*(This was written almost automatically after reading and reviewing perforce a long list of current English novels—very English novels.)*

EVEN after three years of marriage, Sybil Marjoribanks still loved her husband Nigel madly. Rising young barrister that he was, so much of his time and energy were consumed by his work that she appeared to be seeing less and less of him. But of course he was well on his way to being a K.C., so obviously it was essential, as he had so often pointed out, that Sybil restrain her inclination to make demands on his time.

Perhaps that was why she and Dickie Twiddle-Durham were so frequently together recently. Extraordinary how they were always finding themselves in one another's company. Sybil and Nigel had known Dickie for years. Dear old Dickie! Dear old Nigel! The two men had been at Harrow together, and also at Oxford. They were immensely keen on one another.

For some time Sybil had intuitively felt that Dickie was troubled about something. She had wondered more than once if he were unhappy with Daphne, his bride of four months—daughter of a prominent County family, and—according to all reports—a ravishingly beautiful girl who had quite taken Mayfair by storm. Strange that Sybil had never chanced to meet Daphne, nor even seen her. Why should Dickie have so much spare time to spend with Sybil when he had only been married four months?

Having just returned from a brisk ten mile walk over the downs with Dickie, Sybil stood in a recessed window of the library of Colonel Sir Reginald and Lady Hybatton's country house, idly gazing across the lawns of the park toward the two handsome collies bounding to greet the children of

the household, just returning from the village with their governess.

In the lofty baronial hall beyond, tea was being served to the week-end guests assembled in front of the spacious fireplace. Sybil wandered out into the hall, a slim jonquil of a girl in her tweed suit, her pensive face framed in silvery blonde hair. Dickie approached her. "Tea?" said he, handing her a cup. The butler passed bread-and-butter sandwiches and crumpets.

The Colonel was talking pompously of the Service Club in Peshawar. Horrible place, Afghanistan. Neither proper drainage nor the right people. The Vicar and his wife had dropped in with their four daughters, all of the girls clad in tweed skirts and jumpers. Several dogs accompanied them. "Down, Rover," said one of the daughters. So many women in England. So many women in the world; doubtless even in Afghanistan. So many unbeautiful, unwanted women!

Daphne, Dickie's wife, was beautiful, everyone agreed. Why wasn't Daphne there? Dickie had said at the Meet that morning that she had flown to Paris for the week-end. Sybil, naturally, merely murmured, "Oh?" but wondered why Daphne, a bride of four months, should be in Paris when

dear old Dickie was there in the Manor House at Todwallingham-on-the-Tod, Upper-Dumph-on-Lower-Dumph, Squx? But one didn't ask such questions.

That predatory American woman was gurgling in a raucous voice to the Vicar. "I sure do hope everything will be okay when we get over to the Continent," she was saying. "We will be plumb scared and how if war breaks out before we get back to Park Avenue, I'm saying a mouthful, Rector." Dreadful people, Americans. "I say, but she's putting the wind up the Vicar, what?" Dickie commented.

Suddenly Sybil knew that she could tolerate it all no longer. She must get back to town. She must see Nigel. Darling Nigel. How ever could she have left him? He had said he had some frightfully important business in Downing Street. Absurd for the Cabinet to stay in town over week-ends. But Nigel always said Government must go on, just like a jolly old play. Tiresome. How ever could she have been so brutal as to have run off from Nigel in this way? She rushed over to Lady Hybatton. "Darling — you won't mind — you see, I must, really! Please be a pet! You understand. I'm dashing off!"

"My dear!" gasped Lady Hybatton, — but Sybil was gone. Without even waiting for Simpkins, the maid, to pack her luggage, she crushed her brown felt hat on her head and grabbing her mackintosh rushed out to her waiting Daimler.

By six o'clock she was crossing Westminster Bridge. She shot up toward Trafalgar, then Leicester Square (dear old Noel!). Town depressed her — like Bank Holiday on the Heath! She swerved toward the Park, tearing through Piccadilly, took Hyde Park Corner in high, and eventually drew up against the kerb in front of her flat in Regent's Park. She dashed into the flat. Cook was the only one home. She appeared wearing her overall, astonished to see her mistress. "Coo, Ma'am, you gave me such a turn!" she said. She hurried to bring tea, which Sybil gulped down gratefully.

A note was propped against a Chinese porcelain lamp. Nigel's handwriting. She tore open the envelope and read: "Darling — In case you should return before I do — have barged off to Paris for two days — on business. Cheerio, sweet. Nigel."

Paris! Nigel! Daphne! God!

Poor Dickie! How clear it all was now. Ruthlessly, irretrievably

clear! How ruinously shattering! She felt ready for a nursing home. But no! Chin up! Tally-ho! Carry on! — and all that!

Cook entered the room. "More tea, Ma'am?"

"Please," said Sybil steadily.

## II

She replaced the note in its envelope, resealed it and propped it again against the lamp. She must return to the houseparty. A week-end alone with her ghastly knowledge would be too devastating. Dear old Dickie. Did he suspect?

She sprang into her Daimler which was still at the kerb and dashed back to Squx. The other guests were a bit surprised by her sudden reappearance, but naturally said nothing, except the blunt old Colonel who was startled into an "I say!" But Lady Hybatton quickly placed a restraining hand on his arm and with a bombastic cough he shouted to the butler, "Parkins — another whiskey and soda."

Sybil returned to London at noon on Monday. Cook said that Master had arrived home that morning and gone promptly to Chambers. The note which Sybil had replaced in its envelope and

left leaning against the Chinese lamp was gone. In its place was the *Times*.

Daphne! She must see this Daphne creature! The situation was intolerable. It was beastly. It was hellish! For the past two days what torture had she not endured! Her nerves were in pieces! The telephone rang. Nigel. He said, "Che'r'o, m'deah." She replied, "Hullo, old thing!"

He said, "Good party?" and she replied, "Ripping!" She would not ask him if he had had a good party. Oh no! Not that! It was unthinkable. "Well, toodle-doo, darling," he said, and she answered, "Rather!"

Then she rang up Daphne. A maid answered. Getting Daphne on the wire, she said, "This is Sybil Marjoribanks."

"Oh, I say," came Daphne's cool voice.

"I know your husband."

"Rather. Dickie's a dear. By the way, I know yours, too."

"Fancy! May I dash over?"

"That would be too divine," said Daphne cordially.

Daphne's flat was a symphony in white — white rugs, white velvet drapes, white furniture, white pottery. Daphne was a fugue in a trailing robe of lustrous white satin. No wonder Dickie — No wonder

Nigel — God give me strength not to strangle her, Sybil prayed.

Daphne said, "Tea?"

"Thanks awfully." A maid dressed in white brought a tray and the two women eyed one another as they sipped the beverage from fragile white cups.

Finally Daphne said, "I saw you once at Lord's." How beautiful she was! What hair! What eyes! Life was grim! God give me strength, Sybil prayed.

Aloud she said, "Did you really. How too whimsical! Are you going to the do at the Savoy to-night?"

"Oh, quite! The charity pageant for the Girl Guides! One must be seen at least for a brief moment, though I daresay it will be a frightful scrum." Appraising Sybil's gown, she continued, "I am having a posh new frock made for Ascot. I must give you the address of my dressmaker. She used to be with Schiaparelli."

"Sweet of you."

Daphne set down her cup. She said, "I just blew into Croydon this morning from Paris."

Sybil asked, "Do you like my husband?"

"Quite a lot. Do you?"

God give her strength! Quiet the beating of her heart! Why must life be so grim? "Would you like



me to divorce him?" she asked evenly.

"My deah! How awfully decent of you to offer—but really, it seems *almost* asking *too* much."

"Not at all," said Sybil. (One must remember one was living in a civilized age!)

"Of course, there's Dickie," remarked Daphne thoughtfully.

"Yes, of course. Dear old Dickie."

"He is a lamb," Daphne agreed. "An absolute duck."

Sybil arose. What more was there to say? "I'll speak to Nigel," she said.

"And I'll speak to Dickie. You are rather a deah, aren't you?" exclaimed Daphne warmly. "I say, you don't think it will be a bit of a stinker?"

"It's been jolly meeting you," Sybil said coolly.

"Thanks awfully for coming."

"Cheer'o."

"Cheer'o."

Wanton! Harlot! Cheat! But one mustn't grouse. Nigel would hate that. He would think one absolutely dotty.

People'dropped in for cocktails at five. WhiteLadies were served with

the latest savouries. Nigel came home. He said, "I say, I'll have to leave you alone again tonight, old thing. Another call from Downing Street. I may toddle over to the Savoy for a moment later in the evening. You won't mind?"

Sybil said, "Nigel—darling Nigel—I've seen Daphne. I'm going to give you a divorce, Nigel—because—you see—I love you!"

"I say!" Nigel gasped. "By Jove, —you're showing a bit of devilish fine sportsmanship! Sure you don't mind?"

Sybil said, "Do you like these new savouries?"

"Rather! Altogether corking. Everything is absolutely ripping!"

Dickie was sauntering into the room. Poor sweet Dickie. He approached Sybil. "What ho, old girl! How about a spot of dinner at Dorchester House?" His face reflected bewilderment, anguish, torture. Sybil shuddered to think of the poignancy her own countenance might reveal. But one didn't grouse. Even when life was sheer bilge, one carried on! Chin up! Tally-ho!

"Dinner at Dorchester House! How frightfully jolly!" she cried.



## EDITORIAL

### Report on America, III. *The Man Roosevelt*

THERE can be no doubt that at the present time the President's personal popularity far exceeds the popularity of his administrative measures. All indications point to this as a fact, and the various polls which have been taken show percentages which seem to establish it beyond question. As might be expected, there is no general agreement among voters on the measures they disapprove. Some are against a few of them, some against more, and some are against the whole New Deal; but a good round majority are in favor of the man himself. It is of course impossible to analyze this sentiment; impossible, that is, to say how much actual admiration or respect or confidence goes into it. A supplementary poll on these three points would be interesting if it could be got, but that is out of the question because the roots of personal like or dislike are so obscure that few of us would be able to answer such questions correctly or even intelligently.

Our own impression is that the

President is liked in much the same way that a popular movie-star is liked; that is, he is liked for reasons which have nothing to do with conduct or character, but only with what is vaguely called "personal charm." We get this impression from the strange moral indifference which the President's popular following displays towards his extraordinary breaches of conduct. They take them precisely as movie-fans take the irregularities, imbecilities, and vulgarities of a glorified glamour-man, as something which simply does not count one way or another. A normally-decent person might well think that it would take only about one such performance as the Black appointment, the seizure of gold, the court-packing proposal, the purchase of votes with public money, or the recent unprecedented interference in State elections, to alienate all the good will that the President ever enjoyed. Apparently, however, the whole sum of such performances has not been enough to impress his addicts

as having any moral quality whatever. Their sentiment, like the movie-fan's, seems to be shock-proof, conscience-proof, and disappointment-proof.

Because the President's popularity is what it is, his personality dominates American public life, just as, for different reasons, the personalities of Stalin, Hitler, Mussolini, dominate the public life of their countries. Therefore no view of the American people's condition, no report on the country's actual state, could be complete without an appraisal of the President's personality, any more than a report on the German people's condition could be complete without a careful appraisal of Hitler's character. At the time we write this, all Europe is trying to guess what Hitler is going to do next, and obviously the guess must be mainly guided by knowledge of what sort of man Hitler is and what his leading motives and purposes have hitherto shown themselves to be. Now that election-time is coming on, when our people are supposed to take stock of where they are "at", as a result of Mr. Roosevelt's six years' absolutist control of their public affairs, it is important to know as nearly as possible what sort of man he is. In making this appraisal to the

best of our ability, we may say that we have never seen Mr. Roosevelt or heard his voice, not even over the radio, so we have never felt the force of his personal charm, either to be prepossessed by it or repelled by it. All we have to go on is his public record, which we have examined carefully and in as much detail as we could make available.

## II

At school and college the President was an indifferent student, neither good nor bad, interested chiefly in the lighter side of student life, for which he had an agreeable gift. He was always personable and affable. Like many youngsters, he was keen on his own advancement in the upper circles of academic society; never serious with himself or taken seriously by others; regarded as amusing rather than interesting; on the whole, an unusually attractive sample of the harmless and useless playboy type. Apparently he had no strong incentive to make any more of himself than that, and under the circumstances it is a great credit to him that he made no less. It does not appear that the coarser and more degrading forms of dissipation ever interested him.

In his subsequent attempts at business and the practice of law, he was a complete failure. In our opinion, some of his critics make altogether too much of this. Notwithstanding the stout bourgeois tradition that a man is to be judged exclusively by his ability to get on in commercial or industrial pursuits, plenty of men who could not make a dollar to save their lives have not only earned their living but have left the world immeasurably in debt to them. True, putting a notorious failure at the head of a great nation's affairs looks like a ghastly anomaly, but it does not always work out that way. To take the most conspicuous example in our history, Thomas Jefferson was born rich, like Mr. Roosevelt, and was such an inglorious fizzle at managing his own affairs that he ended his days in abject poverty; but as President, knowing his own incapacity, he got in Albert Gallatin to run the country's business, merely telling him in a general way that he wanted debts and expenses cut down to the bone, and the result was an all-time record.

In Mr. Roosevelt's case the real trouble seems to be that his proven incapacity went against his grain and affected him temperamentally; he was no Jefferson who knew his own weakness and was large-

minded enough to make no bones of it. Evidently Mr. Roosevelt resented the fact that he was never regarded seriously by his business associates, never seriously consulted, never had his advice taken into account in any important matter. Apparently they viewed him much as his schoolmates did, as a jolly, likable fellow, but commanding no respect whatever on the score of his abilities. This had a bad reaction on Mr. Roosevelt, making him resentful against the general run of those who attain the kind of success which he could not attain; and now that he is in a position to foment a great body of ignorant prejudice against those who attain it, the country suffers the consequences. All the snubs he has had since his boyhood at Groton are reflected in his vindictive animosity against anyone and everyone who shows himself able to win any measure of respect for business acumen.

Mr. Roosevelt took refuge in politics early, going in for a career of straight job-holding, and since then he has moved from one job to another in the regular way. From one point of view it was a wise choice, for he had every natural qualification for success in American politics. In another view it was unfortunate, for the routine of

practical politics is peculiarly bad discipline for a person of Mr. Roosevelt's essentially pliable character. It steadily represses what good instincts such a person may have, and steadily encourages the bad ones; a good example of how it works was seen not long ago in the case of another pliable character, Mr. Walker, the former Mayor of New York. It is the best school in the world for training an attractive, ambitious, clever, and light-minded young man to become an adept in shiftiness, mendacity, hypocrisy, and general unscrupulousness, while at the same time polishing up and improving the superficial qualities which make for popular acceptance. It also sharpens to the utmost the low sagacity which enables the careerist to see the Main Chance at telescopic range, and move towards it unerringly.

Mr. Roosevelt was a prize pupil of this school. The record of his earlier political career, including his term as governor of New York, has been canvassed so often that we need not go over it again. It is enough to say that it shows no distinguished public service from beginning to end, and no trace of disinterested action at any time. It is, on the face of it, the record of as shifty a politician as ever worked

from the back room of a saloon; the record of one who never refrained from any trick, however unmanly or unprincipled, which might be turned to his personal account. It is a record, moreover, of a singular meanness, a small-mindedness which is perhaps Mr. Roosevelt's leading trait; it is one, at any rate, which differentiates him sharply from the country's really high-grade politicians, and marks him as second-class—a stunning good second-class, to be sure, but second-class. His place is with the Conklings and Blaines, not with the Quays, Lincolns, Penroses. These latter men were full of sin, if you like, and even now are sweating in hell, if you want to have it that way; but they were not mean men, never petty, never vindictive, and they had a capacity for friendship which the Conklings and Blaines never had, nor yet Mr. Roosevelt. For all his guise of cordiality and good-fellowship, he seems never to have been capable of a disinterested sentimental attachment for anybody. As in his schooldays, so always, he appears to have regarded his friends as retainers rather than friends; to be kept while useful, and then more or less summarily turned off. His career is strewn throughout with the wreckage of friendships appar-

ently formed in all good faith; and especially since his elevation to the Presidency has he behaved with shocking insensitiveness towards one after another of those who have helped him most.

As President, his record simply carries on as it began. It is void of accomplishment, save for the devising of a new and unbeatable political technique, and for the construction of the most powerful political machine ever put together anywhere in the world. In their way, these are very great achievements, and Mr. Roosevelt should have all credit for the superb ability that went into them. Aside from these, however, and from the point of view of the public good, his record is one of utter incompetence. He has been six years in the Presidency, invested with virtually autocratic powers; he has made many promises, fathered many showy and costly experiments; and in no essential respect is the country as well off as it was when he took office.

In those six years the country's progress in production has been slower than in any of the twenty-five principal nations of the world, and at the present moment, as everyone knows, it is barely marking time. Per capita consumption stands at a correspondingly low

level. Everyone knows also what Mr. Roosevelt's promises of administrative economy and a balanced budget were worth. The market for new investment has gone dry. The measures of "social legislation" have turned out uniformly to be one-part ineptitude and nine-parts fraud. Unemployment stands just where it did six years ago, and labor-warfare is just as bitter and exorbitant now as it was then. The country's moral atmosphere is no clearer, the people's spirit no better, their courage no higher, their confidence no stronger.

It is, perhaps, superfluous to observe that with a person of such character in control of the country's affairs, such consequences are inevitable. We think it is more to the point to say that, being inevitable, they should have been foreseen and forestalled.

### III

An appraisal of the President's immediate entourage may be made in a few words. Being what he is, he could be expected to surround himself only with pliant persons of inferior character and capacities, the "yes-men" of our common speech. He has done so; in fact, he has on occasion gone to recklessly extravagant lengths to bring them

in and displace their betters. There is no need to particularize about this habit, for it is well enough known and the reasons for it are obvious enough.

Those he has about him fall into three groups. First, a group of Uplifters, professional and amateur, whose leading traits are a zealous and imbecile sincerity, a dogged self-sufficiency, and a naïve persuasion that the attainment of a worthy end justifies the use of any means, honest or dishonest, reputable or disreputable. They prefer to be known as Liberals rather than assume any regular party title. Not many are careerists, and fewer still are conscious racketeers. They do good service as face-savers and trumpeters-in-ordinary for the Administration, for unintelligent persons of good instincts tend to accept them at their own valuation and make much of their claims; the pseudo-cultural riff-raff which surrounds Mrs. Roosevelt is largely made up of such persons.

The second group has totalitarian leanings, mainly of a Marxist type. They are dissatisfied with the traditional American system, both political and economic, and are for tinkering it practically out of existence, though there is some disagreement among them about what to substitute for it. Most of

the Administration's Leftist measures originate with this group — though, as we observed last month, Mr. Farley's strategists always carefully comb these measures for their political content before they are passed on to Congress. The members of this group are not so much before the public as those of the other two. Their little coterie leans heavily on the shoulders of the other two groups; it could hardly function without them; but in combination with them it is very powerful.

The third group consists of bureaucratic corruptionists and embracers who have no political principles, no revolutionary schemes, and no interest whatever in the Uplift. They have nothing in mind but the augmentation and consolidation of a bureaucracy for the sake of the patronage ensuing; their one idea is to create more jobs and fill them with diligent and obedient sycophants. In short, they are true bureaucrats to the inmost core of their being. The leadership of this group devolves on Mr. Roosevelt himself, with Mr. Farley as his adjutant-general in the field.

These three groups constitute the New Deal's *état-major*, or general staff. They function smoothly side-by-side. Their purposes being

quite compatible, and they work in-and-out without serious interference and with unusually little friction and waste motion.

#### IV

To the best of our ability we have now done what we set out to do in this series of three editorials. The reader will remember that at the outset we took as our text the saying of Edmund Burke that the end and object of all elections is "the disposing our people to a better sense of their condition." We advised our readers to use the forthcoming election for that purpose alone—to try seriously and impartially to get a sense of what the actual condition of our people is—and in our turn we promised to use it in that way ourselves. Sum-

ming up now, it appears to us that, economically, politically, and morally, our people, caught as they are in the grip of a new and ruinous political technique, are in a most precarious condition, and that the influences which are directing the course of their public life are almost the worst conceivable. The thing, moreover, which makes their condition seem to us especially depressing is, as we have said before, that we can see no possible help for it.

We would have found our task more agreeable if we could end it on a more hopeful note, but we can see no way to do so; nor yet, we believe, can our readers. The only moral we can point is the old and sound one that those who have chosen to sow the wind must reap the whirlwind.





# AMERICANA

## CALIFORNIA

AN UNPATRIOTIC Native Son makes a startling offer to sell short the Thirty-Dollar-a-Week Plan, in an advertisement in the esteemed Los Angeles *Times*:

UTOPIANS: I will exchange my thirty \$1 warrants, if and when issued, for a bartenders manual, a treatise on the abundant life, or a hot sizzling purge script. You pay the tax.

C. L. OSCAR, Box H-38, Times.

## FLORIDA

THE wonderful blessings of the New-Deal Youth Movement fail to reach one Rugged Individual, according to the Miami *Daily News*:

Law enforcement agencies claim to be finding young offenders more difficult to catch and keep than older ones. Among those recently displaying anti-social tendencies were two negro males, aged four and five years, apprehended at larceny. The elder infant wore a home-fashioned extremity beginning at the left knee, and was (oddly enough) nicknamed "Peg". Brought into Juvenile court, the pair were temporarily consigned to the local bastille for safe storage. Searched at the jail house a revolver was found strapped to Peg's wooden leg! Investigation showed it had been stolen from the Juvenile court office.

## MISSISSIPPI

PLAIN warning of the imminence of Judgment Day, as set forth by the *Mississippi Visitor*, a Christian journal of Jackson:

The press reports that on New Year's Eve a "Heaven and Hell Party" was held in another State, in which it was said that the ballroom was decorated to portray heaven and the barroom to portray hell, and the guests were invited to "dance in heaven and drink in hell". The question was raised, where were the Christian people and what were they doing that such a party could be staged? The answer is, many of them were at the "party" taking part in it. That is the pity of it.

## MONTANA

A BENEFICENT social reform gets under way in Butte, according to an advertisement in the *Argus*:

If you haven't an electric razor. If you can't cut your own hair, See:

CHARLES (SILENT) HOLLY

Holly operators do your work without trying to give you a college education.

## NEW YORK

REASSURING note from the well-informed *New Republic* concerning the formerly bloodthirsty Moscow Comrades:

... the Communists today are not acting as a revolutionary group; they are so committed to the policy of co-operation with all democratic forces that one can hardly tell them from the New Deal Democrats.

A LITTLE tableau of Marxian dialectic entitled "When Is an Editor Not an Editor" or "Black Is White", from the same agile journal:

#### NAILING ONE LIE

Among the many inaccuracies in Mr. J. B. Matthews' testimony before the Dies Committee, it is specially incumbent upon us to correct his statement about Mr. William P. Mangold who, he says, is "one of the editors of the *New Republic*". Mr. Mangold is not and never has been an editor of the *New Republic*. He is listed as a "contributing editor". . . .

ASTRONOMICAL phenomenon recorded by a story-teller in the distinguished pages of *Harpers* magazine:

The evening star, the planet Venus, was rising in the west, displaying as she came her amorous bright rays.

#### WISCONSIN

FURTHER indication of culture in the Middle West, as chronicled by the South Milwaukee *Voice*:

Manners are now being discussed in the high school Girl Reserve Ring Club. At the last meeting, Peggy Aspel, Janet O'Connell, and Mary Ellen Caveney gave examples of when and where to chew gum.

### IN OTHER NEW UTOPIAS CANADA

A BEWILDERED rustic calls on the editor for plenty of advice in the question-and-answer column of the erudite Montreal *Family Herald and Weekly Star*:

Why cannot a farmer use a water-wheel for his friends? Can glass be cut underwater with tin shears? Can I get a 32 volt electric razor? What can I do for a cow that swallowed a chain? Can snowplow be made from a tractor disk? How can frogs eggs be taken out of water that is for drinking? What voltage kills flies?

#### ENGLAND

BAFFLING theological problem raised by a letter-writer to the erudite *John of Groat Journal*:

Could, or would, any medicos, clergy, or pope, solve the following question? A young child of 18 months is found to be web-toed — the little toe linked to its neighbor digit and on the right foot. The mother of the child wishes an operation (minor, of course), and a surgeon readily agrees. But the mother's mother objects, and clinches her opinion by quoting Scripture: "What God has joined together, let no man put asunder!"

PERSONAL liberty as defined in the great Democracy across the seas, according to the *Daily Telegraph*:

George Tiller, a rag and bone dealer, of Ward Road, Stratford, E., was fined 10s. at Bromley, Kent, yesterday, for delivering a goldfish to a person under fourteen.

# THE STATE OF THE UNION

By ALBERT JAY NOCK

## *Business Dodges the Truth*

MY PERSONAL doings are very seldom important enough to be worth anybody's notice, but I have lately had an experience which I think might interest some of my readers, so I shall take a chance on describing it.

First, though, I shall ask the reader to look at an imaginary picture. Suppose you saw a country where people were tremendously interested in Christianity, all giving themselves out to be sound, hundred-per-cent Christians, and then suppose you found that in the whole length and breadth of that country you could not buy a copy of the New Testament for love or money. What would you think?

Suppose further that you went around among publishers in that country, and said, "This is a queer kettle of fish. How about getting out a cheap edition of the New Testament just as a flyer, and see what could be done with it. I can't believe but that these people would want to have a copy around the house for the looks of the thing, if nothing more" — and the publish-

ers all told you it would be a dead loss, that nobody would buy it if you offered it in paper covers as low as twenty-five cents.

Still further, suppose you then looked up some rich men who were especially strong on Christianity, not only in a personal way, but officially — vestrymen, deacons, trustees, elders, and all that sort of thing — and who were all terribly worried because Christianity was being cold-shouldered by a godless government just then, and they didn't know what to do about it. Suppose you suggested that they might buy up a small edition of the New Testament and distribute it around among influential people as ammunition, with a strong personal letter accompanying each copy. The letter would say that in this time of trouble Christians who were really up-and-coming ought to know something about the first principles of their faith, its history and general philosophy; that the New Testament was a pretty fundamental document in those re-

spects, and no Christian who expected to be called on to defend his faith could afford to leave it unread. Then suppose these men told you that they did not know of anyone who would read it as a gift, or who would let it go any further with him than the nearest waste-basket!

I imagine you might think there must be a screw loose with Christianity in those parts, and that the sooner the godless government made hay of it, the better.

I have lately been dabbling in a noble experiment of that kind, with results pretty much as stated. When I arrived in this country after a long absence, I found that our great captains of industry were in a terrible twitter over the government's interferences with business. They were saying that the government ought to get out of business, keep its hands off business, let business alone. I was immensely pleased to hear this, because it was exactly what I had been saying for a great many years. I was a good bit astonished, too, for I had never heard businessmen talk that way before, and whenever I had ventured to talk that way, I had found myself distinctly unpopular. Nevertheless I was glad to see myself in good company at last, and so I started in at

once on the best move I could think of to help the cause of righteousness along.

For anyone who really wants the government to let business alone, Herbert Spencer's essays called *The Man Versus the State* are precisely what the New Testament is for anyone who wants to be a sound intelligent Christian. They are *the* fundamental document, an impregnable arsenal, bristling with irresistible philosophical and historical weapons. A businessman who is framed up with this volume knows just where he stands and what the real strength of his position is, and he knows how to defend that position against all comers. It is a small book, too. In England, if you don't mind taking it in a paper cover, you can buy it for an English shilling, somewhat under twenty-five cents. In this country, unless you have the luck to pick up a second-hand copy somewhere, it is not to be had.

Well, then, like Mr. Squeers with the milk, I said to myself, here's richness. Here is something which will at last put me really solid with my newly-made friends, and maybe give me a chance to die in the odor of respectability. Businessmen will jump at it. They will see that we old-fashioned radical

individualists whom they have so long sneered at and despised were actually on their side all the time and were the best friends and defenders they ever had, as in fact we were. They will see that the old horse-and-buggy fellows like Franklin, Paine, Thomas Jefferson, Quesnay, Herbert Spencer, Henry George, Turgôt, du Pont de Nemours, had something on the ball; and that the disciples of these men, like myself, were not quite the cranks and crackpots we were taken for, but had the businessman's best interests steadfastly at heart.

I have quite a few acquaintances in the publishing business, some of them pretty enterprising, so I went around among them, suggesting that since our businessmen were so het up about governmental interferences — and most justly — it might be worthwhile to republish Spencer's essays. I even offered to do the editing, free gratis for nothing. The publishers looked at me with a pained expression; they were pleasant and friendly but evasive. They quickly shifted the conversation with a few well-chosen words, and I saw it was useless to pursue the subject further.

That didn't work. I then looked up some acquaintances who are close to various eminent captains

of industry, and suggested that one or another of these captains take a cheap edition of Spencer and send it around to a picked list of representative businessmen throughout the country, with a personal letter. This did not work either. I was told that the representative businessmen would not read the book, could not be hired to read it, and that the eminent captain of industry who was fathering the issue would not read it himself; so that was that.

My last attempt of this kind was especially interesting. The person I talked with was on very close terms with the heads of an immense concern — something in the mining way, I think. He was sympathetic and extraordinarily frank. "This talk of wanting the government to let business alone," he said, "is all hooey. They don't want it to let business alone. Go to them to-day and offer to set up a government tomorrow on Spencer's model, one that would really let business alone, and they would die in hysterics. What! — no tariffs, no 'protection', no subsidies, franchises, concessions, nobody to run to when you get into a jam over some competitive scheme to swindle somebody? Do you think they would stand for that? Show them how to make a clean sweep of

Roosevelt and John Lewis, and they'll give you their daughter in marriage, or all their daughters if you want 'em, and you can take 'em tandem, four-in-hand, or six abreast. But show them how to put a crimp forever in *all* the Roosevelts and Lewises, their own kind included, and see what you'll get. Take it from me, the last thing they want is to abolish privilege, precisely as it is the last thing John Lewis wants. They want to *monopolize* privilege, which is just what Lewis wants, and your friend Spencer would stand the same show with them as he would with Lewis or with Roosevelt himself, and not a dam' bit better."

## II

To tell the truth, I had more than half suspected something of this kind. My newspaper this morning carried an item about a whaling big new subsidy granted to a shipping firm. It started up in my mind once more the question of who ever got the government into business, anyway. Who got it into the shipping business? Politicians? I'm afraid not. The reader probably knows by this time what I think of politicians—at least, as much of it as can be put into print in a family magazine—and

knows that I would never give one of them an out unless it were unmistakably coming to him. To my mind, the American jobholder, from poundmaster to President, is the very lowest form of verminous life. To his credit be it said, however, that he tried hard to keep the government's hands off the shipping business; he fought ship-subsidies for years. It was a nice little junta of businessmen—shipbuilders, steelmakers, outfitters, and such—who put the government in the shipping business, and thereby created one of the most notorious rascal-nests in the country. Have these men undergone a change of heart lately, so that they now want the government to let the shipping business alone? Not according to this morning's newspaper.

The papers also say that the railways are hard up and must have some relief from the government. Well, who nagged the government into the railway business, cadging land-grants and subsidies in the first instance, and then running to Washington for political rate-fixing and regulation of traffic? Who pestered the government into the aviation business, the road-building business, the business of dredging harbors and worming out internal waterways? Who hectored

the government into setting up things like the Federal Trade Commission and the erstwhile Farm Board? Businessmen, every time. Just so; and now do businessmen want the government to take its hands off those businesses and forever after let them alone? I don't believe it.

But I am not in the least interested in merely showing up the American captain of industry as a Bourbon and a humbug. That is a poor thing to do, and gets nowhere. What interests me is the impressive evidence now before us that there is no practicable middle ground, or No-Man's Land, between a type of government which lets business strictly alone to hoe its own row, and the type which dabbles progressively in all business, as ours is now doing, and thereby runs society down into a most calamitous bust. There is no such thing as successfully segregating certain areas of business activity in which it is proper for the government to take a hand, and others in which it is not. Letting one group use the government to promote a group-interest or class-interest means letting any and all groups use it, according as one or

another, by fair means or foul, can get itself a break.

My point is, then, that either you take Turgôt, Franklin, Spencer and Co., and take them straight, or in the long run you get chaos. At the present time our society has yet but a short way to go before landing in chaos, and there is no chance but it will keep going. That is the upshot of a century-and-a-half of feverish wangling for breaks by economic group-interests and class-interests. Once admit that there are any breaks to be had, no matter how few, no matter how sharply de-limited, and the government immediately becomes an auctioneer.

In relation to business, the proper functions of government are three, and no more. First, to punish fraud. Second, to enforce the obligations of contract. Third, to make justice costless. If anyone wishes to know why this is so, and why no society which adds one jot or tittle to these functions can permanently hold together, Spencer will tell him in terms which no one can misunderstand or fail to understand. But would our businessmen wish to be told that? I think I have reason to doubt it.

## DOWN TO EARTH

By ALAN DEVOE

### *The Year Without a Summer*

ALMOST any schoolboy, quizzed about the happenings of the year 1816, could vouchsafe the information that the name of the then-President of our United States was James Madison. A really accomplished scholar might also recollect, perhaps, that 1816 was the year of a singularly bloody conflict with the Seminole Indians and of some impressive ferocities on the part of General Andrew Jackson. And all these things, to be sure, are true enough. But they are of slight consequence in comparison with the one astonishing phenomenon which really made the year 1816 unique in the history of our country. Something happened, between the Spring and the Autumn of that year 122 years ago, which distracted the minds of the citizenry from even the pros and cons of the approaching elections, and made the war-like antics of General Jackson seem somehow curiously trivial. What happened, to put it quite simply, was the weather.

For the weather of 1816 was

a far more extraordinary affair than even such a celebrated freak as the Blizzard of '88, and was in fact unique in all the history of thermometer measurements. It was the strange distinction of 1816 to be a year without a Summer.

Abnormal snowfalls have descended upon America in abundance, and we have had a plenty, at one time or another, of eccentric downpours of rain, disastrous droughts, fabulous heat-waves, and paralyzing cold-snaps. But never before or since 1816 have we had another year when from Spring to Fall there was frost every single month. Never before or since, certainly, has the Fourth of July been celebrated, as it was in that year, by blue-lipped citizens wearing overcoats and mittens. Jocular folk who lived through it were later accustomed to refer to the year as Eighteen-Hundred-and-Froze-To-Death.

Temperature observations, of a sort, have been taken in North America ever since about 1730, but



very often in the early days they were continued at a given weather-station for only a year or two. The Weather Bureau, as we now know it, is of course a comparatively recent development. There is no way of knowing for certain just how many primitive observation-stations were functioning in 1816, but there were undoubtedly fewer than ten. Groups of farmers and quasi-scientists kept sporadic records at various villages in the northeastern States, and fairly complete memoranda have survived at Sharon, Connecticut, and at Philadelphia. The best observations of all, for the period which included the year 1816, were made at Williamstown and at New Bedford. The weather-notes of the former place, bound up in book-form sometime before 1850, remain intact to the present day and afford a laconic narrative of queer and frightening events.

The year Eighteen-Hundred-and-Froze-To-Death began auspiciously enough. The January temperature averaged  $21^{\circ}$ , which is hardly lower than normal, and February was quite inordinately warm. There was no signal peculiarity in March, which as usual averaged somewhere around  $29^{\circ}$ , and farmers proceeded with their customary crop-plans. The skunk

cabbages thrust up their veined tips as they had been doing every Spring since time began, the robins and bluebirds came back to New England from their wintering places, and there was cheery talk of ploughing and planting. And then came April . . . and April was  $3^{\circ}$  colder than it should have been. To other than meteorologists and weather-men, a variance of  $3^{\circ}$  from normal in the average temperature of a month may at first glance seem very little, but automobile-drivers will perhaps appreciate its significance more thoroughly if they will reflect how fast a man must drive — by spurts — to maintain an average speed, say, of forty miles per hour. For April's temperature to exhibit an average subnormality of  $3^{\circ}$ , there have to be some unconscionably cold days in it.

The unseasonable weather was widely remarked, of course, as it always is; but there was a general sentiment that April is notoriously unreliable and that May would doubtless bring sunny days and blossoming blood-roots as May had always done. And then May came . . . and there was consternation in the land. The average temperature was precisely  $52.8^{\circ}$ . Farmhouse stoves, normally let out long since, were kept stoked

and roaring; hoar-frost lay white across the pastures each morning; water froze in the well-buckets. There began to be murmurs, in the thoughtful press, about the Hand of God.

These alarms were nothing to the panic that was felt a month later. At noonday on June fifth the temperature had ascended to  $83^{\circ}$ , which is a reasonable and proper temperature for June, and the people had begun to take heart and to believe that the world had come back to normal. And then, at noonday, there came out of the northwest a curious cold wind. It blew harder and harder. The sky grew very dark, and there was the crackle and boom of thunder. Rain began to fall, in tumultuous squalls and gusts. Farmers who had been hopefully tending their fields ran for shelter, and countless eyes stared up at the suddenly wintry sky in panicky wonderment. The temperature fell steadily . . . five degrees, ten degrees, twenty degrees. By seven o'clock the next morning the temperature was  $45^{\circ}$ , and that temperature was the warmest for the day. All over New England snow was falling. Zadock Thompson, in his *History of Vermont*, records that in many places the snow lay six inches deep, and at Plymouth,

Connecticut, there was a blizzard for an hour or more.

There was no let-up for a week. The mercury hovered between  $35^{\circ}$  and  $40^{\circ}$ , and still the snow-squalls came and still the wind blew. The eleventh day of the month was the culmination. On that day the temperature slid down to  $30^{\circ}$ , and the observer at Williamstown recorded bleakly: "All vegetables killed." A hoar so heavy as to look like snow rimmed every tree-trunk and meadow-lot in New England.

This is not the place for a detailed weather-history of the summer of 1816; the curious can dig up the full records for themselves. One or two further particulars, though, cannot be foregone. On the sixth day of July—normally as hot a time of the year as any—the temperature in the forenoon was  $43^{\circ}$ , and there was frightened talk of solar spots and of a change in the phase of the moon. On the twenty-ninth day of August the mercury stood at  $37^{\circ}$ , and the green corn was destroyed as thoroughly as by a plague of locusts. Throughout these icy periods the same chill wind blew steadily, and a frightened populace saw their Summer gardens buried under snow and frost. It is not to be wondered that more than one learned man speculated whether

another Ice Age might not be descending upon our continent, and it is understandable that numbers of pious folk were disposed to think the Judgment Day was close at hand.

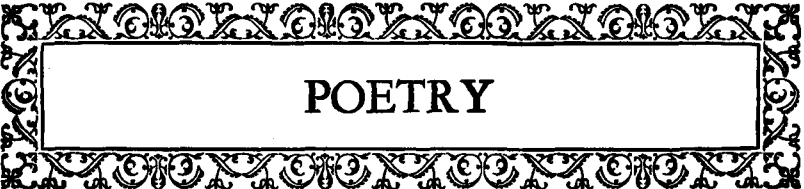
## II

We know now that no looming Ice Age could rightly be held accountable. Most experts in matters pertaining to the physics of the air now incline to believe that the strange and terrifying weather may have been caused by the eruptions of volcanoes. Specifically, they ascribe it to the eruptions of Soufriere in 1812, of Mayon in 1814, and of Tambora in 1815. Volcanic dust in the upper atmosphere is much more efficient in shielding our earth from the sun's ether waves than in retaining the earth's radiation, and it thus acts to keep our planet subnormally cool. The eruption of Tambora in 1815 was one of the four or five greatest eruptions of the last two centuries—throwing some hundred cubic miles of dust into the atmosphere—and it seems quite likely that it was indeed this far-blown pall which caused the American weather's sinister eccentricity.

These, however, are matters for physicists and meteorologists to de-

bate. The simple New England citizen of 1816 knew nothing of such theories, and had no reassurances at all against his terrified bewilderment. He knew only that the seasons had suddenly become horribly askew, and saw only that the Order of Nature had apparently become disorder. His stock was hungry and unfed, his Indian corn did not ripen—not even enough of it to furnish seed for the next year's planting—and his beans and grapes and squashes hung black and withered on their frozen vines. He wore perforce (as Chauncey Jerome, the old Connecticut clockmaker has recorded) woolen clothes and greatcoats and mittens, to keep from shivering, and as he squinted up at the leaden sky he blew on his numbed fingers and was filled with foreboding. He looked out upon an earth grown menacing and incomprehensible, and such momentary happenings as the Seminole War seemed somehow very tiny and unimportant.

It passed at last, the Summer that was no Summer at all, and gave place to a wholly normal Winter. But it is doubtful whether there remained a single citizen whose acceptance of the universe was quite so complacent or so apathetic as before.



# POETRY

## SUBURBAN CAVE

By LOUIS STODDARD

WHERE street lights shine the pavement shines with rain.  
The night draws close and we are all alone  
Upon a street of wind where shadows stain  
The empty lots that isolate our own.  
Our rooms are caverns where the hunting moan  
Of wind with low and ominous refrain  
Attunes us to its elemental tone  
And the hard knuckles rapping on the pane.

Time has not changed us much. We still conform  
To the old fear of loneliness and storm.  
Stay close to me tonight. You are my fire,  
My warmth, the clear clean flame that I desire,  
The light that makes the shadows jig on walls  
In time to songs I hear in your footfalls.

## MEN IN THE MOON

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM. COFFIN

THE full and yellow moon has just come over  
The side of the world and is tangled in bare trees,  
It is larger than the houses it has darkened,  
It is closer than the lamplight at their panes.  
The men are going home, their words and laughter  
Stay after them and melt into the moon.  
Two men have bent their heads and joined their breathing

Into a single aureole of frost.  
 One man, unsteady on his legs, has printed  
 The full moons at his back upon the snow,  
 The others shout and beat his dusty trousers,  
 They talk of women waiting in the houses  
 And laugh and throw their legs about and nod,  
 They walk, heads down, into the doorway of the moon.

What can the women do who set the plates out  
 Under the lesser moons of lamps to keep  
 Their menfolks steady fathers of good sons?  
 Women live always in small, narrow houses,  
 Keep themselves warm and wary, counting things.  
 But he-ones whom the women have created,  
 Because the moon made tides and women so,  
 Are cold and wide and multitudinous things.  
 They go in and out of day and night time,  
 Blow hot and cold, walk like the sons of seraphs  
 And spring on life like bullocks in the pen,  
 Waste their substance as the thistle wastes its seedlings,  
 And snow-white strength and wonder on the world,  
 They go in the silver doorway of the moon.

## LIFE HOLDS AN AUCTION

BY BERT HENDERSON

WHAT am I bid for a broken heart,  
 And a body shorn of an old desire?

What am I bid for a tortured mind,  
 Harboring coals of a dying fire?

What will you give for a twisted faith;  
 For a weary soul, what will you pay?

Death started to speak and raise his hand —  
 Then quietly turned away.

# THE LIBRARY

## *The Seat of Mars*

By JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

SOME three and a half centuries ago, the Swan of Avon stretched his silver throat and chanted as follows:

This royal throne of kings, this  
sceptred isle,  
This earth of majesty, this seat of  
Mars,  
This other Eden, demi-paradise,  
This fortress built by Nature for her-  
self  
Against infection and the hand of  
war,  
This happy breed of men, this little  
world,  
This precious stone set in the silver  
sea,  
Which serves it in the office of a wall  
Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
Against the envy of less happier  
lands,  
This blessed plot, this earth, this  
realm, this England.

These are noble words, and they have quite a ring, when you lift your voice into them. When they were uttered, Gloriana—Belphoebe—Harry's Daughter—Great Elizabeth—was Queen, and within the poet's lifetime she had watched from her white cliffs above the Narrow Seas, while the

Invincible Armada disintegrated under the slashing attacks of her ships-royal and her fierce Admirals. At the same time, English keels were bursting into new seas; English settlers were striking stakes into new lands; English merchants were dealing in furs from Muscovy, in tea and silks and jades from Cathay, in pearls and spices from the South Seas, in gold and jewels from the dim rich lands of the West. Hy-Brazil and Cipango were in fee to British trade, and the Golden City of Manoa was surely just around the corner.

Elsewhere over the world affairs were confused and vexatious; on the Continent, perennial wars and rapines; no security whatever. But Philip's Enterprise of England, lately shattered by excellent hard fighting and fortuitous bad weather, was the last shadow to threaten the Island Kingdoms. Well might Will Shakespeare and his colleagues throw back their heads and sing, for their faces were towards

the morning. After some fifteen hundred years or more of history, local rather than otherwise on their foggy beaches, the English were coming into the sun; there was flowering what James Truslow Adams<sup>1</sup> designates one of the four great stories in the history of Western Civilization: the extension of the British Empire from half an island to a quarter of the globe.

Of the other three stories peculiarly interesting to mankind, the first is the glory that was Greece, Mr. Adams considers; the next, the grandeur that was Rome; and the other:

the unprecedented migration and population growth which in a little more than three centuries has placed upon the savage and almost empty North American Continent civilized and self-governing peoples numbering about one hundred and forty-five millions.

To Mr. Adams' useful concern with this last, attest his meritorious histories: *The March of Democracies*, *The Living Jefferson*, *America's Tragedy*. His studies for the same required of him an almost equal attention to British history, life, and institutions, because more than half of our own history is Imperial: and the American Revolution could no more terminate our relationship with the Empire than

the severing of the umbilical cord sets a child apart from its mother. Out of this interest and these researches stem his present work, the first of two volumes. Mr. Adams further states that he has lived for six years in England, in order decently to familiarize himself with the English scene. It is a circumstance most praiseworthy, for there have been British savants of high reputation who settled American affairs with finality, after some six weeks peripatetic sojourning in American lecture halls, Pullman cars, and hotels.

Obviously, the events of two millenniums cannot be compressed within the compass of two medium-sized volumes; even by Mr. Adams. But the high points may be indicated, and the trends and the tendencies, and the notable successes and the notable failures which enter into the making of national character: and they may be set in relation each to the other. These things Mr. Adams does.

The first great fact he finds in English history is: that Great Britain is an island. Further, it is an island close enough to the Continent to tempt exploitation, yet sufficiently isolated by dangerous seas to make the return passage a matter of consideration in all ventures.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Building the British Empire*, by James Truslow Adams. \$3.50. Scribner's.

A residue of the early visitors — Romans, Celts, Teutons, Danes, and finally Normans, came to stay. There accumulated an amalgam of peoples, insulated from Continental stresses, and therefore free to work out the bases of their inter-relationship. There was created a tolerance of one group for another, a willingness to seek adjustment — and this before the Normans came — which endures to this day. Iron William hammered the land into unity: he was the giant of his time. He bequeathed, however, an ominous interest in Continental possessions, an interest that diverted English resources until the Tudor kings: it was Jean d'Arc who taught the English to stay at home, and there should be a monument to her as one of the architects of modern England. Then came the marvelous burst of national energy under Elizabeth: what Englishman regretted Bordeaux or Calais, when the Virginias lay open beyond the Western Sea, and the Spice Islands beckoned merchant-adventurers? Thereafter, in successive centuries, Continental overlords, first contemptuous, then puzzled and angry, and still puzzled and angry, were brought low: Spain passed with her Invincible Armada; valiant Tromp, for all that he broke into the Thames and

burnt shipping in sight of London Town, could not maintain the Dutch sea power; the great French monarchy drained its strength away, fighting the English; the Emperor Napoleon, with Europe under his rod, was never able to lead the Grand Army across the Wet Ditch to the English shore. And so the story goes, until the last quarter of the Eighteenth Century, and the first great English failure in government — its schism with its colonies in North America. There this volume ends, with English national character, as we know it, established, with its first world war successfully ended; and with tribute from the ends of the earth flowing into London. Thus far, Mr. Adams.

## II

The book is most apt and timely. For against this background, what will happen next? The British Empire rules a quarter of the globe, and governs a quarter of its population. The Coronation of King George VI was the great pageant of our time, it was two thousand years of history walking. And perhaps the last great pageant, for the Empire is no longer an economic necessity to the groups which compose it. London is not,



any more, the clearing-house of Empire, its banker, and its paymaster. The Dominions are nations in their own right, able to find their own charges. They have been loyal in the past: under what stresses might their loyalty become unwilling? The Empire was wont to fight her wars in remote regions, subsidizing foreign personnel: the last war she had to fight herself, with British subjects, and it was a shattering experience. Although the Allies, as they say, won, nothing British emerged from the contest with prestige unimpaired. Not even the Royal Navy.

Mr. Chamberlain's problem is more elaborate than Pitt's, and heavy with more frightful consequences. The poet's rhapsodic terrain-report, above, no longer describes the island scene with exactness. The "sceptred isle" is hardly a seat of Mars, since its unengaged young men show formidable reluctance for military service, and the establishment is not nearly up to strength. As a fortress, built by Nature against infection and the hand of war, the place is obsolete: war goes on wings, these days, and that little world, that precious stone set in the silver sea, is deep within the operating ranges of a horrifying number of foreign air-bases. Nor does the sea serve any more as a

wall or as a moat defensive. The last war brought bombers over London and the factory towns; and German battle cruisers — *SMS Derfflinger*, *SMS Von Der Tann*, *SMS Moltke* — shelled the Scarborough and Hartlepool promenades. The next war offers no immunity at all for any part of England.

As concerns the Empire, it has in common the English speech, the English institutions, and, subject to the local influences of climate, the English character. Yet I think the two ties which hold it in union are: loyalty to the Crown, which is an Imponderable; and the healthy fear of something unseemly occurring, did they go their several ways. This last is very real. Trade is the life blood of the Empire, and the cargo ships go up and down under the strong shield of the Royal Navy.

The modern atmospheres have been cruelly harsh to things of the spirit, and loyalty is a spiritual thing. Imponderables are not computable, by any standards that we have. Would the House of Windsor command the same loyalty from, say, Ottawa or Canberra, that it enjoys in London? Possibly, but not probably: as it stands it is perhaps the strongest spiritual bond on earth today.

The other thing reduces to concrete terms. The vast, sprawled-out Empire depends on sea-power, and the experience of three centuries has studded it with naval bases and fueling stations. Through the last war, the Royal Navy, in strict professional sense, accomplished all its missions: it swept away the enemy from the outer seas; it kept open the sea-lanes for the movement of troops and munitions; it blunted, and finally broke, the enemy's dangerous under-sea weapon. At the Jutland encounter, the enemy's High Seas Fleet felt for eight frightful minutes, in the misty North Sea twilight, the weight of the British battle line, and declined any other contact while the war continued. But from the mists and smokes of Jutland there arose, and endures, an uncertainty. The Brit-

ish Admiral's superiority over his enemies was in the ratio of seven to four, and the Grand Fleet was tactically concentrated. But, earlier in the spring of 1916 the Government had advised him that relations with the United States were not good, and that he must have in consideration the possibility of the United States Fleet being added to his enemies. And the Admiral was resolved, before any contact was made, to risk nothing: he would preserve his fleet, because, as he considered, the fate of the Empire rested on it: and he was not justified in gambling.

No English government takes risks unless it has to. That seems to be the situation today.

Mr. Adams has done excellent work in this first volume. We look forward to the next.



## CENSORSHIP OF THE PRESS

By CHARLES DE MONTESQUIEU

The enjoyment of liberty, and even its support and preservation, consists in every man's being allowed to speak his thoughts and lay open his sentiment.

# THE CHECK LIST

★★★★★ indicate a book of exceptional and lasting merit. ★★★★ a distinguished and valuable work. ★★★ a readable and engaging volume. ★★ a fair performance. ★ an unimportant book, but possessing some characteristic of value. The absence of stars may be taken to mean the absence of merit.

## BIOGRAPHY

★★★ THE ROLLING WORLD, by Richard Hallet. \$3.00. *Houghton Mifflin*. A veteran adventure-story writer of the slick weeklies drops his middle name (Matthews), and grinds out a rollicking autobiography that is far superior to his fiction. Finishing Harvard, Hallet began reading law in the office of Judge Learned Hand, but he soon cleared out to sail on a British windjammer. His subsequent adventures as miner, sailor, hobo, and what-not, took him over all the world. Highly entertaining.

★★★ THE MEMOIRS OF JULIAN HAWTHORNE, edited by his wife, Edith Garriques Hawthorne. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. Facts and reflections about the latter half of the Nineteenth Century by the late son of Nathaniel Hawthorne. His memories of the Olympians of Concord are, of course, outstanding here; for twenty years he was the companion and friend of his father and was treated as an equal by Emerson, Thoreau, the bemused Alcott and his daughters. Later he knew the Jameses, Holmes, Longfellow, Bryant, and others. A fascinating book that no one else could have written.

★★★ GREEN WORLDS, by Maurice Hindus. \$3.00. *Doubleday, Doran*. Contrasts the two worlds in which the author grew up—the village in Russia and the village in America, with a brief look at New York City. The emphasis is on America, but the Russian town had its points, despite present-day Soviet propaganda. Always perceptive, Mr. Hindus gives a colorful picture of his

boyhood backgrounds and the people he met.

★★★ MY BROTHER, A. E. HOUSMAN, Personal Recollections, Together with Thirty Hitherto Unpublished Poems, by Laurence Housman. \$3.00. *Scribners*. In this the author of *Victoria Regina* attempts to dispel the "mystery" that has clung about his famous brother. The reticence and aloofness, he says, of the author of *The Shropshire Lad* were caused by a "proud shyness" which cut him off even from his own family; but the impression of inhumanity is mitigated by A.E.'s boast that he introduced *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* to the Cambridge dons. Incidentally, he had a profound disbelief in Democracy, and asserted that no nation could be great which did not permit slavery.

★★★ THE LIFE OF CHEVALIER JACKSON: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. \$3.50. *Macmillan*. The notable life-story of a remarkable man. Famous as the perfecter of the bronchoscope, and known as a talented painter and etcher, Dr. Jackson has been chiefly successful as a human being. His life has been eventful and satisfying, and his philosophy, as he looks back, is well worth anyone's study. As a final fillip, the illustrations show some of the odd items plucked out of human beings by the bronchoscope.

★★★ GUY STANTON FORD: ON AND OFF THE CAMPUS. \$4.00. *University of Minnesota Press*. A biographical sketch, and a selection of the reflections, comments, and chronicles of Guy Stanton Ford, from

the press of his own University, refuting at any rate, the old sneer about the prophet without honor. The German historical sketches are most interesting; the editorials are sound and informing, but undistinguished; and the section on Educational Administration perhaps important and valuable. The book indicates that Dr. Ford is a superior man.

★★★ WALT WHITMAN'S POSE, by Esther Shephard. \$3.75. *Harcourt, Brace*. Miss Shepard believes she has discovered that Walt Whitman derived the idea of *Leaves of Grass* from the epilogue of *The Countess of Rudolstadt*, by George Sand, and that from the same source he got his "pose" as the poet of universality and Democracy as well as his physical "pose" as friend of the common people.

★★★ THE WORLD AT MY SHOULDER, by Eunice Tietjens. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. Having reached the age of fifty, the author of this readable book has set down the high-spots of an unusually varied career. As editor, under Harriet Monroe, of *Poetry* she was one of the famous Chicago group of "emancipated" writers; in all her travels, as well as during her periods of domesticity, she met unusual people whom she describes with humor and understanding.

★★ THE ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN, by Seumas MacManus. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. A quiet autobiography, covering the author's Donegal boyhood and youth. The fairies, leprechauns, and other mystical and magical fauna do their customary stuff. All very eerie and charming.

★★ CÉSAR RITZ, HOST TO THE WORLD, by Marie Ritz. \$3.50. *Lippincott*. These days it has been forgotten that the name "Ritz" once applied to a single man and that he alone made it famous as a synonym for elegance. César Ritz rose from bus-boy to general manager of a chain of the world's finest hotels, and in this biography his widow tells his story, with special

emphasis on the Lucullan dinners given by Edward VII, Boni de Castellane, and others. Pleasant reading of days that have gone forever.

★★ ISAAC NEWTON, 1642-1727, by J. W. N. Sullivan. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. The author, who died just as this book was finished, has made use of Newton's correspondence, records of his conversations, and much similar material, to give a well-rounded portrait of the great scientist. Clear and readable.

★ THE LIFE OF O. O. MCINTYRE, by Charles B. Driscoll. \$2.50. *Greystone Press*. Reverential biography of the famous columnist by the man who is carrying on the McIntyre column in many papers. If you liked Odd you will probably enjoy this.

### MISCELLANEOUS

★★★★ LETTERS FROM THE SANDWICH ISLANDS, by Mark Twain. Edited by G. Ezra Dane. \$3. *Stanford University Press*. A first trade edition of the young Twain's letters written in 1866 for the *Sacramento Union*. His first sustained writing, and filled with a saltiness not found in Mark's work after his wife began to wield the editorial pencil. Prof. Dane's introduction is well done.

★★★ RACIAL PROVERBS, A Selection of the World's Proverbs Arranged Linguistically, by Selwyn Gurney Champion. \$10.00. *Macmillan*. The result of twenty-seven years of research on the part of folk-lore authorities all over the world, this book comprises 26,000 of the best proverbs from almost 200 languages, indexed and cross-indexed. There are thirty introductory forewords by authorities. A valuable reference book.

★★★ THREE GUINEAS, by Virginia Woolf. \$2.50. *Harcourt, Brace*. Mrs. Woolf answers three requests for charitable contributions with a guinea and an essay each

— they go for the promotion of higher education for women, to a society aiding the daughters of educated men to enter the professions, and to a society for protecting “culture and intellectual liberty”. The author’s prose is as superior as ever, and her wit as priceless; *Three Guineas*, however, is chiefly valuable as an examination of the educated English lady and what she has gone through to earn the freedom she now possesses.

★★★ HENRY FORD AND GREENFIELD VILLAGE, by William Adams Simonds. \$2.00. *Stokes*. The story of the early American village and museum which Ford created as a memorial to his friend, Thomas A. Edison. After reading of the industrialist’s eminently sensible theories on education, which he has effected with considerable success in the village school, one can scarcely wonder why he is so repulsive to the Roosevelt Uplifters.

★★★ SCOTLAND — 1938: TWENTY-FIVE IMPRESSIONS. Edited by J. R. Allan. 6s. *Oliver & Boyd* (Edinburgh). An anthology of essays by twenty-five young Scotsmen, the whole forming a well-rounded picture of the country as it is today. Eric Linklater is the only author who is widely-known in America, but there’s not a downright uninteresting writer in the lot. Illustrated with photographs.

★★★ GOLDEN GUERNSEY, by Alfred S. Campbell. \$3.00. *David Kemp*. The tiny isle of Guernsey, in the English Channel, is one of the few spots in the world as yet unspoiled by tourists. Mr. Campbell, a New Jersey stock farmer, went there to buy some of the cattle for which the Island is famous, and found material for a delightful book. Illustrated with photographs, and there is an appendix containing much information concerning the Guernsey breed of cattle.

★★★ ANIMALS OF THE SEASHORE, by Horace G. Richards. \$3.00. *Bruce Hum-*

*phries*. A much needed handy-size guide-book to the salt-water creatures which constitute one of the least-known realms of nature. The numerous excellent photographs and the concise scientific descriptions make this an invaluable little textbook for anyone who wants to take an intelligent interest in the natural history of our beaches.

★★★ ANIMAL NEIGHBORS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE, by Joseph Wharton Lippincott. \$2.50. *Lippincott*. A pleasantly-written volume which should serve admirably to acquaint city-dwellers with the beasts and birds they are likely to meet on their vacations. Himself a countryman, Mr. Lippincott tells numerous homely and engaging anecdotes about moles and squirrels, field-mice and cotton-tails.

★★★ THE BOOK OF INSECT ODDITIES, by Raymond L. Ditmars. \$2.00. *Lippincott*. Only thirty-nine pages of this book are occupied by Dr. Ditmars’ text, and as an introduction to the wonder-world of entomology it is therefore necessarily meager and unsatisfying. The superb maps and color plates by Helene Carter, however, are of extraordinary interest and beauty.

★★★ A POLITICAL HISTORY OF THE CHEROKEE NATION, 1838–1907, by Morris L. Wardell. \$3.50. *University of Oklahoma Press*. Dr. Wardell, who is Professor of History at Oklahoma, has turned out an extremely readable account of the Cherokees, who played an important part in the country’s history during the Nineteenth Century. Until they were done in at last by what the author terms “resistless white avarice”, the Cherokees had a culture and civilization that unquestionably was superior to that of the whites who settled the Indian Territory. The book is the seventeenth volume of the University’s Civilization of the American Indian series, and is beautifully printed and bound. There are many illustrations.

★★★ YOUNG EMERSON SPEAKS, Unpublished Discourses on Many Subjects, edited by Arthur Cushman McGiffert, Jr. \$3.00. *Houghton, Mifflin*. From approximately 170 unpublished mss. left by Ralph Waldo Emerson the editor has selected twenty-five sermons and addresses delivered from 1826-36. They throw vivid light on his life and thought during his formative years. An invaluable book for those interested in Emerson's religious and ethical development.

★★ THE HUMAN SITUATION, by W. Macneile Dixon. \$3.00. *Longmans, Green*. Stimulating lectures, liberally sprinkled with quotations from the great, on such questions as, Is Life Worth Living? Recommended if you can ponder as you go.

★★ THE HEALING KNIFE, by George Sava. \$2.50. *Harcourt Brace*. Another medico (using a pseudonym) puts pen to paper. This is the story of a Russian refugee who, against odds, realized his ambition to become a Continental surgeon of note. Lack of literary ability divests the autobiographical story of much of its possible power, which is a pity, for Dr. Sava has led quite a life.

★★ COUNTY FAIR, by Phil Stong. Pictures by Josephine von Miklos. \$2.00. *Stackpole*. An appreciation in prose (by Mr. Stong) and pictures (eighty of them) of that noble institution, the American county fair. Nice to look at, easy to read.

★★ GARDENING AS A HOBBY, by Allen W. Edminster. \$2.50. *Harpers*. In this compact little handbook a professional horticulturist offers serious amateur gardeners a maximum of information with a minimum of waste words. The text is terse and concise; the charts and drawings excellent.

★★ OUR COUNTRY, OUR PEOPLE, AND THEIRS, by M. E. Tracy. \$1.75. *Macmillan*. Mr. Tracy, the editor of *Cur-*

*rent History*, shows by text, diagram, and parallel-column how Italy, Russia, Germany, and the United States have changed in the past twenty-five years, taking one field at a time. A good, impartial—but not stimulating—look at the great changes of the past quarter-century. The format and diagrams deserve special praise.

★★ PUCCINI AMONG FRIENDS, by Vincent Seligman. \$4.00. *Macmillan*. A biography of the composer, made up mainly of letters written by Puccini to his mother, and therefore showing us little of Giacomo's lustier side. There are many photographs.

★ SOME STILL LIVE, by F. G. Tinker, Jr. \$2.50. *Funk & Wagnalls*. Murder for profit, by an Arkansas flier who joined up with the Comrades to Save Democracy in Spain. He terms the Franco forces "vandals", of course, though his own butchery was inspired by a truly noble Cause. Comrade Tinker's book is chiefly interesting as an example of how Stalin-Loyalist propaganda can be swallowed even by the editors of the *Saturday Evening Post*, in which magazine it first appeared.

★ THE LAST FIVE HOURS OF AUSTRIA, by Eugene Lennhoff. \$2.50. *Stokes*. In Austria was kept alive the last attenuated link of the present day with the elder Europe; those heavy-handed Hapsburgs of the Holy Roman Empire with the not-unworthy Schuschnigg. Herr Lennhoff, Vienna editor, tells how it ended, all in a hysteria of long-distance telephoning, radio broadcasts, and mob-singing, with the monstrous overtones of marching armies, and bombers droning down from Germany. He was of the death-watch in Vienna; had he remained to close the cold eyelids of that corpse, he would not have been at large to write his book.

SECRET LIFE OF A SECRET AGENT, by Henry W. Lanier. \$2.50. *Lippincott*. Uninspired self-analysis of slender interest.

# THE OPEN FORUM

## THE MERCURY'S UNPOPULARITY CONTEST GETS POPULAR

SIR: I think James K. MacDonald's suggestion for an Unpopularity Contest is the best idea which has come down the pike since Hector went through the throes of parturition. Publication of the names of the celebrities who get in the craws of us poor defenseless newspaper readers ought to clear the atmosphere considerably. I am glad the editor of THE MERCURY is going to back the contest, and it gives me great pleasure to submit the following names as worthy nominees for the title "America's Pain-in-the-Neck-Number-One". Here is my list of The Worst Ten:

Fiorello H. LaGuardia  
Tom Mooney  
Harold Ickes  
Cecil B. De Mille  
Upton Sinclair  
Hugo Black  
John L. Lewis  
Ernest Hemingway  
Dale Carnegie  
Oscar of the Waldorf

ERNESTINE M. ADAMS

*Tulsa,  
Oklahoma.*

SIR: May I enter your Unpopularity Contest? I think the rule forbidding the nomination of anyone named Roosevelt very wise—but it deprives us of a lot of fun! Here is my list:

Heywood Broun  
Bernarr Macfadden  
Rabbi Stephen S. Wise  
Bruce Barton  
Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis  
Josephus Daniels  
Arthur Garfield Hays

William Lyon Phelps  
Grover Whalen  
Oom the Omnipotent

HAROLD L. MASON

*Chicago,  
Illinois.*

SIR: I nominate for the ten Americans whose public appearances annoy me the most, the following:

Little Flower LaGuardia  
Admiral Richard Byrd  
Tom Mooney  
Irvin S. Cobb  
Elsa Maxwell  
William E. Borah  
Nicholas Murray Butler  
Burton Holmes  
Floyd Gibbons  
Major Bowes

ANDERSON MARGET

*New York City.*

(Editor's note — Space limitations will not permit our printing other interesting lists received from OPEN FORUM readers. As we promised, the total votes have been tabulated, and will be from now on. Our Tabulation Department reports that the present standing of the candidates is as follows:

| CANDIDATES            | VOTES |
|-----------------------|-------|
| Fiorello H. LaGuardia | 28    |
| Heywood Broun         | 25    |
| Tom Mooney            | 19    |
| Harold Ickes          | 18    |
| Bernarr Macfadden     | 18    |
| Admiral Richard Byrd  | 18    |
| William E. Borah      | 16    |
| Elsa Maxwell          | 16    |
| Cecil B. De Mille     | 14    |

| CANDIDATES                          | VOTES |
|-------------------------------------|-------|
| Upton Sinclair .....                | 14    |
| Major Bowes .....                   | 13    |
| Ernest Hemingway .....              | 13    |
| Dale Carnegie .....                 | 13    |
| Gertrude Stein .....                | 12    |
| Norman Bel Geddes .....             | 12    |
| Walter Damrosch .....               | 12    |
| Nicholas Murray Butler .....        | 12    |
| Rabbi Stephen S. Wise .....         | 9     |
| Bruce Barton .....                  | 9     |
| Hugo Black .....                    | 9     |
| John L. Lewis .....                 | 8     |
| Floyd Gibbons .....                 | 8     |
| Irvin S. Cobb .....                 | 8     |
| Oscar of the Waldorf .....          | 8     |
| Governor Herbert H. Lehman .....    | 8     |
| Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis ..... | 8     |
| General Hugh Johnson .....          | 7     |
| Josephus Daniels .....              | 7     |
| Arthur Garfield Hays .....          | 6     |
| William Lyon Phelps .....           | 6     |
| Roger Babson .....                  | 5     |
| Glenn Frank .....                   | 5     |
| Mrs. William Brown Meloney .....    | 5     |
| Grover Whalen .....                 | 4     |
| Mrs. Ely Culbertson .....           | 3     |
| Burton Holmes .....                 | 3     |
| Osa Johnson .....                   | 3     |
| Wally Simpson Windsor .....         | 2     |
| Oom the Omnipotent .....            | 2     |
| Herbert Bayard Swope .....          | 1     |

Of course this tabulation represents only incomplete returns, with many precincts yet to be heard from. The seemingly-overwhelming lead being piled up by Mayor LaGuardia and Heywood Broun must be discounted until the rest of the country is reported in; the early returns, naturally, came chiefly from the East. The triple tie at 18 by Ickes, Byrd and Macfadden is an interesting one; there ought to be a real neck-and-neck race there. Also worthy of comment is the deadlock between Cecil B. De Mille and Upton Sinclair in California: we understand each candidate has a strong personal following in his native State.

By the time next month's Open Forum

goes to press many more votes should be in. Be sure to watch the progress of your favorite candidate.)



## WHAT NOT TO DO

SIR: Laurence Bell in the September MERCURY advises "Don't Be a Writer". In another issue an author says, "To Hell With Farming". What profession should a MERCURY reader follow?

Says Mr. Bell, "There will be times, of course, when you will practically have to chain yourself to your desk to keep plugging; when there are a hundred things you'd rather do than look at a sheet of blank paper". Recently I pulled the weeds from a corn field and, believe us, I "practically had to chain" myself to the corn field. What is unique in a writer practically chaining himself to his desk? We grant that making a living by writing is difficult, but is authorship the only profession filled with hardship? We should like to advise Mr. Bell not to be:

(1) A farmer. He has to take care of a bunch of dirty animals all the days of his life. Bugs eat the squashes and worms cut the newly-planted corn. Floods sometimes destroy the sugar beets, and dry weather has been known to injure the wheat.

(2) A politician. They sometimes have difficulty in getting enough votes to retain their offices.

(3) A country doctor. He is often called out of bed at 2 A.M. to attend the afflicted, who, in many cases, forget to pay.

(4) A fisherman. Occasionally the fish refuse to bite.

(5) A sailor. Storms make shipping rough business at times.

(6) A small-town grocer. The hours are too long.

(7) A carpenter. They sometimes fall off the roof.

(8) A railroad-owner. Railroads are more likely to run in the red than in the black.



(9) A soldier. A soldier is likely to be annoyed by such nuisances as being shot at by rifles, machine guns, poison gas, and artillery. Moreover, his life is almost sure to be made miserable by *pediculus capitis* and *pediculus vestimenti*.

(10) Of all things, Mr. Bell, don't be a mother. For mothers are compelled to slave their lives away at the task — usually thankless — of raising kids.

D. L. SPANGLER

*Leipsic,  
Ohio.*



### EDITORIAL

SIR: Your editorial in the September issue suggests that "upon the heat and flame of thy distemper sprinkle cool patience". Men have too recently emerged from barbarism to be capable of perfection in the art of government. While it is true that they are too apathetic in politics for their own good, yet you must admit that preoccupation with more personal interests such as making a living, precludes much attention to affairs of state. Besides, our civilization has become so complex that it is intellectually impossible for the average man to undertake solutions. All you can expect from the citizen acting under our representative system is that he will select for office those best qualified by reason of experience, expertness, and character to perform their duties. But the citizen is not adequately informed as to the character and fitness of the aspirant to office. The information furnished is so cumbered with details that confusion is worse confounded, and he is driven to take a chance or choose upon the basis of mere party loyalty. This situation should be corrected. Corrupt and incompetent officials have frequently been removed through the medium of the ballot; and similarly in the future the ballot may be counted upon to remedy abuses.

Finally, the fact remains that under any other form of government men are reduced to the status of automatons. Democracy is

indispensable for the self-realization and self-development of the individual, though the reservation may be made that our system of universal franchise needs modification — it is too liberal. The ignorant should be denied the privilege until literacy is acquired, and some modest property qualification should be imposed.

M. A. GOLDSTONE

*San Francisco,  
California.*

SIR: In your editorial of September you make public your desire "to make your readers think" instead of going to the polls without thinking. Some of your readers may think wrongly, but if they think, then you have started the ball rolling. What you should strive for, if you desire to help your country, is for your editorials to reach beyond the circle of your readers. If you know yourself what you wish for politically (and I believe you do), simply have the power of your convictions in regard to what you believe to be wrong. Then give concrete plans — be a leader, not a follower! Your attempt should be to discourage the selfish, false, and alien Liberalism of modern times and restore the true simplicity of original Americanism.

PRINCE KURT B. ZUR LIPPE

*Redondo Beach,  
California.*

SIR: It was with considerable astonishment that I learned from the first part of your serial editorial that your sole purpose has been to induce thought among your readers. Was this THE MERCURY I read, THE MERCURY which constantly attacked Mr. Roosevelt and whose policy was so magnificently one-sided?

So, I followed your editorial advice and thought for one hour. These are the conclusions that I came to: (1) As long as the American people have the common sense to maintain in office a gang of gimme artists smart enough to create a SEC, or TVA, and a Wagner Act, neither politicians

nor the American people have gone completely to the dogs. (2) As long as the American people allow free speech to THE MERCURY we are a long distance from dictatorship. (3) If we do finally accept Fascism, magazines like THE MERCURY will be largely to blame. (4) The mass of people in this country are neither lazy nor stupid. The fact that all but 3,000,000 of the present unemployed worked previous to 1929 is refutation enough. (5) If I keep on reading THE MERCURY I'll go nuts.

If you print this I'll win a bet.

ROBERT LEKACHMAN

*Sea Cliff,  
New York.*



### TEACHERS AND PUPILS

SIR: When we have given "A Schoolteacher" credit for an amusing, if rather vicious, piece of satire, we have, I think, done full justice to "The Schoolteacher Racket" in the September MERCURY. But it appears to me eminently unfair that such an article should claim a general representation of the school situation. How many schoolteachers, I wonder, are really acquainted with the members of the school board? How many of them know what actually goes on at a board meeting? How many teachers have had interviews with their school boards? Not many, I think.

Being on the school board is a thankless task. It yields small return, if any. Parents have a way of feeling that the board is responsible for any evils that befall their young in the course of the year. If a teacher is a bad disciplinarian, or fails to put out a winning team, or refuses to pay his debts, or breaks his contract at an inconvenient time—if for any reason his behavior is laid open to question, the board is blamed. It seems unlikely then, that school boards should trade jobs about among their relatives and friends, and disregard the qualifications of the teacher for his work. Admittedly, some sections of every state are

politics-ridden, but it is far from true that such a situation is typical.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR TOMLINSON

*West Plains,  
Missouri.*

SIR: I was delighted to read in the September MERCURY an article on the schoolteachers in this country. Having just graduated from high school, I think I am capable of giving a few observations.

I think the method of hiring teachers is deplorable, but their method of teaching is a sin. Many teachers appear to be just one lesson ahead of the class. The young teachers seem to be the worst offenders—they blunder through each day cracking jokes, discussing current social problems, and generally diverting the attention of their class to other subjects. One can hear the pupils discussing their disappointment in their "dumb" teachers. What parents and taxpayers should be shocked about is not what their children don't know but what their children's teachers don't know. The greatest ignorance of all lies with the taxpayers. They appear to trust implicitly their community government and the officials they elect to office with complete ignorance of their dealings. Yet they are the only ones who have a right to do anything about the schoolteacher racket and they sit back idly and let the crooked politicians put incompetent, ignorant, or unqualified teachers into our schools.

AN EX-PUPIL

*Providence,  
Rhode Island.*

SIR: I am a Junior in a public high school. I get up every morning at six-thirty and hit the hay any time between ten-thirty and midnight. I play a little tennis, read some, but I'm telling the world that most of my seventeen-hour day isn't spent in picking daisies. I have a course of solid, old-fashioned subjects: English, Latin, History, French, and Physics—and it surely raises my ire to hear Mr. Bell in his article "Three-

Ring Circus for Morons", indiscriminately dub me and my hard-working fellow students morons.

Phooey!

HIGH SCHOOL HARRIET

*Kansas City,  
Missouri.*

SIR: Your article "The Schoolteacher Racket" is particularly good. Here is something I should like to add to it: In the more "elite" communities in the vicinity and suburbs of New York City they have a system by which, when a child is home sick, outside tutoring is necessary. I have been charged four dollars an hour, and have paid as much as sixty dollars for this tutoring. Yet the teachers get eight days off, each year, sick leave *with pay*. I have also tried to find a single teacher who reported this outside income on her income tax. The excuse always has been that they cannot keep track of the amount; yet I know some have said that they made enough for their trip to Europe on the tutoring. Lately they are sort of keeping quiet about it, we are doing so much complaining.

LONG SUFFERING PARENT

*New York City.*

### A CHALLENGE

SIR: Hugh Morrison's jeremiad in your September issue, about the English of New Yorkers, is about as ridiculous as anything I have ever encountered. Just because Mr. Morrison has met a few New Yorkers who don't enunciate with the precision of a don, he has the foolhardiness to state, "Actually it would be difficult to find a San Francisco truck driver who mispronounces a fraction of the words commonly mispronounced by the average New York university graduate".

I am a graduate of City College, as well as of New York University. I challenge Mr. Morrison to a public contest in pronunciation, as well as meaning of so-called "difficult words", to be held at any place, at any time, the words to be given by one of the

editors of THE MERCURY, and the authority to be Webster's International Dictionary or Funk & Wagnall's. Further, Mr. Morrison may bring another erudite gentleman from Montana, and I shall bring another graduate of City College. To make it more interesting, I shall be pleased to put up a little wager, say theater tickets or a few good books, that Mr. Morrison would lose in a contest of this kind.

If Mr. Morrison is interested in the contest above referred to, I should be pleased to hear from him at my office address, 261 Broadway, New York City.

DAVID L. DELMAN

*New York City.*

### THE RIGHT OF INCONSISTENCY

SIR: I was astonished to read in your September issue an article by Gaudens Megaro entitled "Mussolini's Coat of Many Colors", which repeats the worn-out commonplaces holding up Italy's great statesman to contempt and ridicule. In judging a statesman, we should look rather to his achievements than to any modifications in his opinions through a long period of time. If we do this we shall see a very different Mussolini from Mr. Megaro's. What Mussolini has done is to raise Italy from a semi-demi Power to a really great Power which no country or Government today can afford to ignore or treat with contempt. He has eliminated class war from Italian life. He has raised the economic, educational, and moral standards of the Italian people. He has steered the country through the depression years of 1929-34 with less hardship, suffering, and unemployment than many other great industrial countries. Of course, all these achievements were not the work of a single man, but it was the *Duce* who inspired the work and aroused the enthusiasm and the faith which made its realization practicable. If to achieve these ends Mussolini has changed his political views, what of it? What the *Duce* aimed at was always the betterment of the conditions of

the Italian people. If at one time he believed that this might be achieved through Syndicalist Socialism, he afterwards realized that the standards of the Italian masses could only be raised if the nation as a whole, *regardless of class*, were rendered greater politically and economically. If this spells inconsistency, then I say three cheers for it.

LUIGI VILLARI

*San Francisco,  
California.*

SIR: Does anyone doubt the Christianity of the Apostle Paul because, as Saul of Tarsus, he relentlessly persecuted Christians? Or is it an inevitable conclusion to such a change of heart that he merely took up another creed to satisfy an insatiable desire for personal glory?

Mr. Megaro's article leaves me saying "So what"? As G. B. S. has pointed out, "Youth is a wonderful thing; what a shame it should be wasted on children". If, as a youth, a person espouses a cause which in later years seems no longer adequate to him, I hardly expect him to continue in it merely for the sake of consistency, even if it means a complete reversal of thought. It seems to me that if we have nothing more to criticize in Mussolini than that he no longer embraces the opinions he held twenty-five or thirty years ago, we might well hold our peace.

MARGUERITE RUTH

*Ridgefield Park,  
New Jersey.*

SIR: "Mussolini's Coat of Many Colors", affords me the opportunity to say a few words in refutation. I am an American citizen with just as much love for America as Mr. Megaro. At the same time I am broad-minded enough to see and understand the good deeds of others. Mr. Megaro shows that everything Mussolini stands for now was hated by him in 1914; that all his ideas are "instruments to satiate his yearning for personal power".

Let us analyze these statements: First of

all what man, woman, or child, whether he or she be a leader or not, is not entitled to the changing of ideas? If Mussolini has changed ideas he has done so because social, economic, and political conditions have warranted them. In order to guide the destiny of the Italian people some new line of attack had to be tried. True, Mussolini was opposed to nationalism, the Catholics, etc., but it takes a real man to give up these ideals and adopt others which would better serve the people who have put faith in him.

Who denies that Italy didn't need a strong-armed leader after the World War? One has only to recall the events at Versailles, where Italy was completely ignored, to understand the feeling of the Italian people. Then, too, look at the deplorable economic and political conditions which existed in Italy under the gradual working of the Communists. The Italian nation was doomed. Something had to be done. To its rescue came Mussolini.

AMERIGO CAPPELLARI

*Beckley,  
West Virginia.*



## PARODY

SIR: Here is our version of the popular radio song *Dipsydoodle*:

Grandma advertises soap,  
Mama sells "My Day",  
Jimmie cashes in by saying:  
"Not at home today". (Insurance, too)  
Johnnie wed a "Royalist",  
More money than the mint  
Anna joined the Hearst bank-roll,  
And doesn't have to stint.  
Papa sells the news for gain  
And won't be left behind.  
His INTEREST is very great  
In struggling humankind.  
After all there's lotsa boodle  
In humanitarian Dipsydoodle.

E. J. W.

*Kansas City,  
Missouri.*

## WRITERS

SIR: I noticed your comments on the formation some time ago of a "Writer's Union". Few people seem to have noted the speed with which members affiliated with such groups get into the Federal Writers' Project and the Federal Literary Project. The authors in the "Writer's Union" plug for a type of government that shoots its enemies instead of supporting them. Instead of a feeling of gratitude to their system of government for making an effort to support them in time of their financial distress, they view this assistance as being singularly representative of an unfair and vicious type of government. I have never seen an editorial in the *New Masses* or the *Daily Worker* giving thanks for the fact that their publication is partly subsidized by our government through second-class postage rates. Nor do they ever acknowledge the fact that, if their publication were edited in their favorite country, it would be blown out like a frail lone candle in a North wind.

R. K. ABBOTT

*Editor, Writer's Digest*

*Cincinnati,  
Ohio.*



## ORCHIDS

SIR: After having read a number of your Forum letters, also a number of your articles, I have come to the conclusion as a true and loyal American citizen, that your magazine is not fit to be printed and to be displayed on counters. Your magazine is very unpatriotic; it is full of intolerance, Fascistic — it is contrary to the Constitution. I disapprove of your magazine — never again will I buy one and it will be the topic of my conversation to ridicule it at all times. For magazines such as yours it will be necessary to have an American Censorship.

ANONYMOUS

SIR: I wish to express to you very briefly my gratitude for those superb articles by Alan Devoe, appearing in your pages. No

other writer I know of has his deep and sympathetic understanding of the magic and mystery of Nature, nor his ability to express this understanding in such beautiful and effective language.

FRANCIS H. COFFIN

*Scranton,  
Pennsylvania.*

SIR: It was certainly refreshing this month to have the big, hairy-chested MERCURY break out into convulsive sobs over conditions at Alcatraz. How shameful, wails Mr. Turano, that American justice should ruin a century of doily-tatting by actually confining and turning the works on a lot of our habitual criminals. What have these down-trodden victims of social injustice done to merit confinement on a rockbound island that bears no petunias?! What's a little mass murder, a mere criminal attack, a desultory kidnapping?

Now if one could persuade all the primary teachers to read Mr. Turano's wheeze to the kiddies some nice bright Monday morning, it might justify his labor and tears by teaching them what happens to all bad little boys who won't eat their dry cereal. Come, come, Turano! Think of the thousands of Pinkies in Russia, ordinary citizens who have to listen to official target practice every day! Why, they'd give you the pink shirts off their backs for a plate of Capitalist prison fare. Buck up, man! We'll have Frankie Deficit give all the slugs a free trip to the next Youth Congress.

H. K. LIST

*Cable,  
Wisconsin.*

SIR: May I send you my appreciation for "We Are Not Poor" in your September issue. Such an article is very much needed at the present time and I think it one of the finest from every point of view that I have read for some time. Thank you for it. I prize THE MERCURY very greatly.

MYRA E. FISKE

*Brookline,  
Massachusetts.*

SIR: Personally, I am a Roosevelt man and am in sympathy with his social philosophy and, naturally, differ with you and your contributors in respect to many of your views—but I defend to the last ditch your right to express them. I think it a very healthy and necessary sign always to have a difference of opinion—so long as these opinions are sincere and without ulterior motives. Here's hoping that you will keep on publishing your magazine just as it is. Regardless of how "shocking" some of the articles you publish appear to some of your readers, I think they are provoking of thought and certainly, therefore, cannot be classed as dull.

GEORGE K. KEISKER

*Schoolfield,  
Virginia.*

SIR: The impulse of disgust has never in my life been stirred strongly enough to induce me to write a "letter to an editor". After not having read THE MERCURY for two or three years, I picked up a copy the other week in a hotel lobby in Milwaukee. The more I read, the more I had to struggle against the impulse to throw the periodical aside. A long way, I thought, has this sheet had to fall to reach such a mercenary level of vicious Red-baiting, distortion, negativeness, and downright inaccuracies.

FREDERIC P. BARTLETT

*Washington,  
D. C.*



### THE JEWISH VIEWPOINT

SIR: After reading Mr. Thomason's article, "The Eternal Jewish Problem", through twice, I'm still trying to digest Hilaire Belloc's viewpoint of the Hebrew race. Surely neither I, nor any member of my family, nor even any of my friends and acquaintances, belong to a people who must bear the stigmata of shame which Mr. Belloc's monstrous accusations associated with the Jews. Yet I am a Jewess; my husband and son are Jews; the friends we see

everyday are also Jews. If he would examine us individually, he would find that we aren't very different from our Christian neighbors. My husband worries about the grocery bill, about raising enough cash to satisfy his creditors, Uncle Sam included, about meeting the demands of his family, in much the same manner as our next-door neighbor. We are just as good citizens as they; put our flag out on every legal holiday; contribute to the community chest and Red Cross; vote to the best of our judgment, support every worthwhile effort put forth by our fellow citizens; and would even die for the United States—a fact which we have proven by our services in 1917–18. We teach our young son to be God-fearing, as our neighbors' boys are taught. Our only deviation from the Joneses and Smiths is that we do not go to church on Sunday morning. Ethically, we try to do what the Ten Commandments teach; we may not always succeed, but what people on earth has? Then, why should we be segregated from other men and women, either forcibly or in an amicable manner?

There probably are those among us whose ideas and ideals are subversive to the thoughts of the great mass of humanity, but the bulk of the Israelites don't feel any more akin to these renegades than Mr. Belloc. Why, oh why cannot these men and women who do not conform be dealt with individually? Why must an entire race be pilloried, because of them? What race is without these particular elements? Then why judge the best by the worst?

Mr. Hermansson's conclusion, that if Jews and Gentiles would adopt and truly follow Christian teaching the Jewish problem would be solved, is probably true; but human nature being what it is there is little possibility of this solution materializing.

The contention of most thinking Hebrews is that if our Christian neighbors tried to know us better, they'd soon find we aren't the terrible creatures they suspect us of being. There are millions of us, poor, undernourished, glad only for bare sus-

tenance; a proportion, infinitesimally small, comfortably well-off; and a very few extremely rich — although the world has been led to believe that all Jews have wealth. Our moneyed men, on the whole, have tried to succor their less fortunate brothers, much as Christian millionaires are doing.

Any accurate check of the Jewish people will prove beyond question that the great majority of Jews are just ordinary men and women; not unduly interested in anything other than the security, health, and happiness of their families; endeavoring to give to posterity something of merit; desiring above everything, to instill, within the hearts of their children, love for their country and loyalty to its laws; and sincerely hoping that their progeny will be a credit to the Hebrew race, as well as a credit to the land in which they live.

I challenge anyone to refute the above statements. They are absolutely true of hundreds of thousands of Jews, and despite Mr. Belloc's contention, that history proves the Jew cannot be assimilated, I fervently believe the Jew is a useful member of society — one that the world can ill afford to eliminate. He can, if given a chance, become an even greater asset to modern life and do so, as a believing Jew, always conforming the teachings of his faith, for a good Jew is also a good Christian.

ELIZABETH S. PAXMAN

*Denver,  
Colorado.*

END

### FDR DEPARTMENT

SIR: The assumption on the part of the press that "hardly anyone" dissents from the "principle" of the Social-Security Act, betrays a strange lack of information. Because the majority are suckers for the Hoax of the Century does not make it unanimous; there are still many people in this Utopia-crazed land who are able to mark fakes and frauds as they appear, in laws as well as in programs, though there seems to be a hypnotic effect on the judgment of the press

after a thing is enacted into law. An apt illustration of the majority attitude is offered by those twin morons of drivel, Alsop and Kintner, in their syndicated column: "For the immediate future, of course, there is no likelihood of any drastic pension enactments. . . . A real horde of goofs and screwballs has got to be elected before anything really bad can happen."!

One wonders what we now have in Washington if not a horde of goofs and screwballs, and just how rotten affairs must be before they may be termed "really bad."? It is a queer sort of Utopian-twisted mind which cannot see this plain fact: The only difference between the Social-Security law now on the books, and by-products of that law such as the Townsend plan or the Downey plan, is a difference of degree. Townsend and Downey are no sillier goofs than Franklin Roosevelt, who proposed the original social-security nostrum in 1932.

All these gorgeous schemes stem from the New-Deal program of 1932 as developed in Roosevelt's speeches of that year! The entire New-Deal program, as it has since developed, is laid down in those speeches. Yet it is a curious paradox that the opposition preferred to believe Roosevelt's assurance that he supported the Democrat platform "100 per cent", while it ignored the open evidence of his New-Deal aspirations. When these things actually come up as the agenda, no one need be surprised, and few are surprised except the stupid press. Along about 1940, I am hopeful that a small section of the fourth estate may awaken to the obvious fact that America has been existing under a form of dictatorship since March 1933, and does not know it yet. America has already experienced her revolution, screened and camouflaged and silent, but none the less effective. Our present regime is dictatorship. Our next regime will be also dictatorship — whoever wins. Nothing less will suffice. The thing must run its course.

ENOCH MORSE

*Minneapolis,  
Minnesota.*



SIR: We are very much in favor of having Franklin Delano Roosevelt crowned king of the United States of America. There would be several great advantages to having this done. First it would save the nation the expense of Presidential elections. Then, when Mr. Roosevelt found himself king, a lifetime job, he would not pour out Federal funds like water in order to insure his reelection. So the government could balance the budget. England has both a king and a balanced budget. And we contend a balanced budget is a very desirable national asset.

Let no one think that there is not an historical precedent for turning a Republic into a monarchy. Did not Augustus Caesar assume the regal purple after becoming the emperor of the Roman Republic?

D. L. SPANGLER

*Leipsic,  
Ohio.*

SIR: The Dictatorship of the Rooseveltariat figures that it will take a Twelve-Year-Plan (three terms) to sabotage effectively the American Republic.

G. F. C.

*Turkey,  
Oklahoma.*

### THE MODERN WIFE

SIR: Was extremely interested in a letter published in one of your recent issues signed "A Husband" which drew a clear picture of a certain type of modern wife, unfortunately all too prevalent — women whose average day is made up of visits to the hairdresser in the morning, luncheon with a crowd of women, followed by shopping and then bridge for the rest of the afternoon. These women rush about like mad doing absolutely nothing, and at the end of the day are worn out. Their gossip and patter become increasingly boring and finally their husbands find themselves unconsciously searching for a *real* woman. These useless wives should stop and reflect

before it is too late. A wife must contribute something worthwhile to the home if it is to be maintained. Half the wives who find themselves supplanted by the "other woman", and are asked for a divorce, could have prevented such a situation had they felt that their man was justly entitled to a real partner. There are many truly fine women in the world, and husbands who find one realize the pain of constant association with a shallow, self-centered gadder.

ANOTHER HUSBAND

*New York City.*



### THE OTHER SIDE

SIR: I read THE MERCURY because it provokes thought and imagine my dismay to find you had put comics into its columns! Poor Blitzen (pardon, Bliven), little does he know that his proud front doesn't kid anyone — everybody knows that he knows Fiddledee D. has given him and his theories the run-around.

But amongst all his funny pictures there wasn't even one belly laugh to compensate me for the wasted space that could have been utilized for a worthier subject. F'r instance, "If I am right our society has to be reorganized whether we like it or not". "If (*doubt*) I am right" — his whole house falls down because his foundation is faulty. "To say that Mr. Roosevelt is a Socialist or Communist is the exact opposite of the truth." True, brother, he hasn't ability enough for one or guts for the other. He never stays put — jumps from one hate to another like a Mexican jumping bean. "We can't find another frontier unless we take over the moon" — and those dirty Du Ponts, I suppose, will be accused of monopolizing the export of green cheese.

One of his funniest pictures — "We have enormously multiplied the productive capacity of the individual" — is a classic when one watches the fastest Union bricklayer set his pace to conform with the slowest, *to speed up production*. Why, only last week a ditch was completed here by a



WPA crew in 100 days which should have taken at least 35. A near belly laugh was averted when he pulled, "I am not much impressed with the frenzied howls of the Conservatives regarding regimentation of the New Deal." Do tell — neither was Mussolini, Stalin, or Hitler, nor indeed is Dr. Roosevelt in his "purge" assisted by those two C.C. pills (Corcoran and Cohen).

I'll admit I did smile when he "polished the apple" by saying "He (F.D.R.) is doing his best to make Capitalism work well enough to endure". Well, yes and no — he and his tribe have shaken down the populace considerable, and his and their share of capital has increased, but the other 129,999,999 people haven't done so good, deducting, of course, his satellites with their booty. On the whole I'd say Capitalism has worked very well for him — we're doing fair on Relief, thank you.

WARREN T. HANLEY

*Santa Barbara,  
California.*

SIR: I am pleased to see Bruce Bliven given an opportunity in THE MERCURY to expound his political ideas. Mr. Bliven conforms, as closely as any writer that I know of, to the increasingly severe standards demanded of New Dealers by the exclusive Mr. Roosevelt; and he has introduced into the formerly aloofly-academic *New Republic* a fiery quality hardly exceeded by the most impassioned of the New Deal's inspired *Flammenwerfer*. As a visiting fireman, however, he seems hardly up to the top of his form.

I have been a constant reader of the *New Republic*, dating back to the day of its birth and find myself still unclear as to Mr. Bliven's economic beliefs. The difficulty that besets Mr. Bliven, in common with all those who pride themselves on thinking in terms of 1948 and 1958, is the nebulous state of their program. Our political dilettanti are too fastidious to come out for Collectivism or even the Browder de-cafeinized Communism, and too timid to endorse State

Socialism or government ownership of industry; their sole stock in trade consists of empty catchwords like "the more abundant life" or "planned economy". What they mean by Capitalism is all men in business; and the spirit which moves them is simply the zest for Babbitt-baiting which is the symptom of a compensatory mechanism at work among the literary and arty fraternity. No one has expressed this animus better than Mr. Bliven himself in a signed article in the *New Republic* some months ago, with the immortal epithet "the infantile American male". In that phrase Mr. Bliven has achieved a distillation of all the xenophilism, aesthetic snobbery, collegiate callowness, and frustrated egoism of that little band which, at the moment, has dreams of attaining the dignity of a national party.

H. W. ELIOT

*Cambridge,  
Massachusetts.*

SIR: In your September issue I was pained to see that the Reds have been restored to good standing and Bruce Bliven has been given eight columns to preach Bolshevism.

This I consider hardly fair. With a dozen or more magazines, ranging from the *Atlantic Monthly* on down to the *New Republic* and the *New Masses*, dinning into the ears of the proletariat the sanctity of the Red cause, not to mention thousands of minor publications all embued with the same spirit, and every branch of the government bending its energies in the same direction, it would seem that the Reds should be content without invading the precincts of the only publication in America which has shown enough courage to fight them. However, there is nothing more amazing than the tireless persistence of the Red worker: he is never discouraged, he respects neither the laws of God nor man, his appeal is always to the baser instincts, and he expects to win by creating the appearance of the invincibility of extreme savagery, brutality, and horror. Have some pity upon what I believe to be a majority of your read-

ers and spare us from any more of the Bruce Blivens' effusions.

ROYAL P. JARVIS

*El Oro,  
Estado de Mexico.*



### ANOTHER COUNTRY HEARD FROM

STR: I wonder if you have thought of the impression of America that your publication gives to a foreigner. Looking back over a dozen or so numbers I find that you have exposed the private and political lives of a number of senators and governors. In almost every number you have vilified your President. But this is very puzzling to a foreigner because the President was elected by a huge majority. It seems unlikely that he is a fool.

Some of your correspondents have asked "What do you stand for"? Would an American know? It is obviously difficult for a foreigner to guess. In certain matters your articles are uncompromisingly progressive and fearless in exposing the hypocrisy and sordidness that mar our civilization. Therefore your attitude to American and world politics is puzzling, as it seems to be purely reactionary. Your outlook reminds me of the Tuscans when faced with a difficult situation. "Those behind cried Forward, those in front cried Back!"

I realize that THE MERCURY is essentially for American readers and if this is what your readers want, a foreigner can't grumble. I have read it for a good many years, and hope to read it for many more.

A FOREIGNER

*The Hague,  
Holland.*



### CORRECTION DEPARTMENT

STR: The August MERCURY has an article by Fletcher Pratt entitled "Propaganda Captures the Newspapers", in which the following misleading comment about the Jewish Telegraphic Agency appears:

"Again, the New York *Herald Tribune* gives its front page on March 21 to a fine rabble-rouser which described Gentile women being paraded through the streets of Vienna with signs around their necks saying they had traded in Jewish shops—a telling picture, but one which carried the credit line of the Jewish Telegraphic Agency. Is this service likely—from its very name—to be particularly well-informed about events in Nazified Austria or able to be impartial in reporting them? Would the *Herald Tribune* have printed a dispatch on the same subject from 'Herr Goebbels Telegraphic Agency'? Or an article on one of the Spanish 'Loyalist' massacres in Barcelona, if it were sent by the 'General Franco Telegraphic Agency'? Further along in the article Mr. Pratt asserts that the dispatch referred to did not even bear a Vienna dateline, emanating from Prague.

I regret that you did not see fit to investigate Mr. Pratt's allegations before publishing this slur against a reputable news agency which has by the sheer virtue of twenty years of impartial, reliable service won the recognition of the press throughout the world, and in that time scored many notable beats on stories of international importance. The particular news item Mr. Pratt selected as a springboard for his unfair comment is clear evidence in itself of his lack of knowledge, or misinterpretation, of actual facts. It happens that the Jewish Telegraphic Agency was first in reporting that incident, as it was first in reporting a great many other incidents affecting Jews in post-Anschluss Vienna. . . . Further, Mr. Pratt's assertion that the story in question was not even datelined Vienna, but emanated from Prague, is inaccurate. The story was dated Vienna, as reference to the *Herald Tribune* files of that date will readily attest. . . .

Mr. Pratt questions the likelihood of the Jewish Telegraphic Agency being "particularly well-informed" in Austria or its ability to be impartial. . . . This is a seri-

ous and unwarranted insinuation. In all the twenty years of its existence, the Jewish Telegraphic Agency's editors and correspondents have striven to be scrupulously impartial and unprejudiced in presentation of news affecting Jews. Were it otherwise, the Jewish Telegraphic Agency could never hope to have survived the severe scrutiny to which every one of its published dispatches is subjected, not only by subscribing newspapers but by distinctly unfriendly governments.

In conclusion, I should like to reply to Mr. Pratt's question: "Would the *Herald Tribune* have printed a dispatch on the same subject from the 'Herr Goebbel's Telegraphic Agency'?" If Mr. Pratt were a careful reader of the *Herald Tribune* he would have noted from time to time news dispatches from various points in Europe and the Near East credited to the "DNB". The DNB . . . is the Deutsches Nachrichten Bureau, which is usually described as the official German news agency. You must know that the official German news agency is tantamount to "Goebbels Telegraphic Agency".

H. WISHENGRAD

*Jewish Telegraphic Agency,  
New York City.*

#### THE AUTHOR REPLIES

SIR: The complaint expressed in my article had nothing to do with the Jewish Telegraphic Agency and its method of handling news. I do not doubt that it is a thoroughly excellent organization. I was talking only of the dubious editorial judgment displayed by the New York *Herald Tribune*. As I conceive it, when an event of great interest and controversial character takes place, it is the duty of such a newspaper to print news from every type of source — from the Associated Press, the United Press, Reuter's, the D.N.B., the J.T.A. and special correspondents — without special emphasis on any side. Actually the paper allotted the most important space in its pages and gave a big headline to an item which was not so much

news as a feature story of doubtful partiality.

When a lawsuit is before a court and the judge discovers that a prospective juror is nearly related to one of the litigants, that juror is excused without further inquisition into his reputation or prospective fairness; and failure to exclude him is a reversible error. This is the case before us, with the *Herald Tribune* in the position of the unjust judge, regardless of the moral qualities of the J.T.A. To quote the *Nation* in favor of the agency is no more than to say that the attorney for one of the litigants approves the juror who is related to his client.

FLETCHER PRATT

*New York City.*



#### DOWN WITH SEX

SIR: We should like to reply to Dr. Hirsch's article, "The Dangers of Sexual Abstinence". We feel that certain of his remarks should not pass without comment. It seems to us only fair that answer be made from the standpoint of orthodox morality.

While it is perfectly true that auto-erotism may be "an emergency escape when other methods of outlet are inadequate", yet it is hardly fair for Dr. Hirsch to assume, as he does assume, that this fact in itself justifies the practice. From the standpoint of Catholic Ethics, the human body is not the property of the individual. The body is given to the individual to be used "in a manner consonant with the intention of its donor" (*The Elements of Ethics*, C. C. Miltner, C.S.C., Ph.D.).

In his last paragraph, Dr. Hirsch says: "Youth should be given the opportunity to perceive psychically the joy of the mystic force without feeling that such activities are enveloped in sin and shame." It seems to us that Dr. Hirsch is offering, as *de fide*, an opinion of his own. It strikes us that the sentence doesn't mean very much anyway; but we object strenuously to his assumption that apart from marriage "such activities are" not "enveloped in sin and shame". Perhaps the good doctor naively

believes in "scientific" morality. May we assure Dr. Hirsch that the only sciences which have anything to do with morality are Moral Theology and Rational Ethics.

We have never known that auto-erotism is the "crime of crimes". In a sense it is true that it is a not unusual occurrence of sexual life; but only in the sense that it is a sin which frequently besets the youth at this period of his life. Each period of life has its own temptations, and many succumb.

Dr. Hirsch pretends that modern scientists and "commonsense physicians", whatever such may be, are "gradually debunking . . . the teaching that continence over indefinite periods is harmless to the individual". In an article published in the *Scientific American*, Prof. Ignatius W. Cox quotes Prof. Thomas Bryant, the great English surgeon, as saying: "The student should remember that the functions of the testicle, like those of the mammary gland and uterus, may be suspended for a long time, possibly for life, and yet its structure may be sound and capable of being roused into activity on any healthy stimulation. Unlike other glands it does not waste or atrophy for want of use." He also quotes from Dr. Max Huhner's *Disorders of the Sexual Function* (F. A. Davis Co., 1931), page 262, "wherein he has a whole chapter on continence to prove 'that continence is not detrimental to health' ". Dr. Huhner says, "the sexual organs are constructed upon entirely different lines than most of the other organs of the body. They are constructed for intermittent action and their functions may be suspended indefinitely without harm to either their anatomy or physiology".

Prof. Cox's article is a thoroughgoing refutation of H. M. Parshley's article, "Sexual Abstinence as a Biological Question". We suggest that Dr. Hirsch read it.

One does not need to turn to the writings of orthodox "moralists" to find substantiation of the orthodox emphasis on

self-restraint and discipline. A psychologist, Dr. Henry C. Link, has written a tremendously popular book, *The Return to Religion*, in which he claims that there is scientific proof for the necessity of discipline and self-sacrifice.

It may be of interest to Dr. Hirsch to know that Prof. Cox states that "not one of the authorities whom I have cited, as far as I know, is a Catholic or particularly interested in the religious aspects of the matter examined."

FRANCIS J. KAFKA

CHARLES WILLIAM EDWARD PHILLIPS

New York City.



### IN BRIEF

A reader writes in to protest what he calls "unfair criticism of the editors of *Scribner's* magazine" in our article by Gordon Carroll, "America Marches to War". Mr. Carroll made the statement that the editors of *Scribner's*, when they printed a series of fanciful posters calling for volunteers in the next war, were unfamiliar with the probable mechanics of the next mobilization. Our correspondent feels that Mr. Carroll's statement was a reflection on the editors of *Scribner's*. We asked Mr. Carroll about this and he hastened to deny that he meant to cast any aspersions. Queried as to the final facts in the matter, he admitted that there would be a certain amount of recruiting of soldiers in the next war, but adds that this will be only a "temporary measure, in the hope of stirring up the rabble until the Draft Act can commence functioning". He is convinced, from his investigations in Washington, that universal conscription of both men and industry will take place certainly at the outbreak of hostilities, and quite probably *even before*. The Industrial Mobilization Plan, he points out, has in it a significant section which provides for "a state of national emergency" which may be announced at any time by the President: once it has been decreed, mobilization proceeds exactly as

if war had already been declared. On the other hand, we are informed by the War Department that the army now plans to do a certain amount of recruiting when the next war starts; and it stands to reason they would use posters. Accordingly, we think our protesting correspondent has some right on his side; and that Mr. Carroll might have chosen his words better. At the same time we feel that he is fundamentally right in his assumption so well supported by documentary proof, that this nation will become an iron-bound Totalitarian State the next time it goes to war. Very few posters, it may be recalled, are used in Russia, Germany, and Italy to get people into the army—machine guns are so much handier. . . . R. C. O'Brien of Rosendale, New York, commenting on the fact that Charlie McCarthy was recently given a degree by a college, says there are now more crack-pots with series of letters after their names than there are Kentucky Colonels. "Our system of education," he maintains, "is going to perdition by degrees". . . . The frantic reformers who are out to save the world in such vast numbers in the Republic today don't measure up as individual human beings to the ideals they are forever clamoring for, according to Paul Brinkman, Jr., of Portland, Oregon. He thinks that reform should begin at home, and quotes the words of Count Leo Tolstoi to an eager young upstart reformer: "Young man, you sweat too much blood for the world; sweat some for yourself first—if you want to make the world better, you yourself have to be the best you can." Good advice, indeed; but we still think our suggestion for taking care of all reformers now plying their trade in the nation a better one. As published in our editorial columns some years ago, it suggested that the States of North and South Dakota be immediately evacuated, it being cogently argued that nothing in either of these States is of any value to anyone and that neither Commonwealth has ever produced anything worth producing. Once the evacuation of the

eroded and sand-blown natives had been accomplished—anyone that lives there would give his right arm to live anywhere else—the WPA could build a 100-foot fence around the territory, with one gate and a good strong lock. It was then our idea to send into this preserve every man or woman in America who was devoted to the task of bettering his fellow men. This would include, of course, Townsendites, Technocrats, Communists, Socialists, Share-the-Wealthers, Epics, Liberty Leaguers, all New Dealers, and every other type of Uplifter to be found. As an afterthought we could also include trans-Atlantic fliers, perpetual motion addicts, child movie stars, radio announcers, six-day bicycle race fans, flagpole sitters, jitterbugs, all Friends of the Soviet Union, and all Committees to Save Democracy in Spain. Once these people had been herded through the gate, that gate would be locked securely. The future inhabitants of North and South Dakota would be allowed to set up their own government and spend their lives saving themselves and making each other better. They could reform and uplift to their hearts' content. The only restriction upon them would be that no one of them could return to the United States until he had appeared before a Notary Public at the gate and sworn a great oath never again to try to uplift his brother man. We won't hazard a guess as to what sort of shambles North and South Dakota would be turned into; but we will say with some conviction that, after this brilliant idea is carried out, the United States of America ought to be a pretty good place to live in. . . . F. E. Hyslop, of Haddonfield, New Jersey, attempts to convince us that "the interests of society and those of the State are identical". We can only refer him to the most authoritative book we know on the subject—*Our Enemy the State*, by Albert Jay Nock—and reply that we will believe his contention only if illustrated by an autographed photograph of a lion lying down with a lamb. . . . Many of our readers—and evidently a good

many non-readers — including, this month, Frank Ashton, of Los Angeles, and others, send us letters discussing articles which have appeared in other magazines. We are duly flattered to be considered the open forum for all magazinedom and we are glad so many people know THE MERCURY's reputation for printing material other magazines shy away from: but space limitations simply do not allow us to print such communications, no matter how interesting they may be. There was a time, when the present editor took over this magazine, when all letters received were printed, and all letters directed to the editor were answered by him personally. Those days, however, are unfortunately gone forever. As our circulation increased, the amount of our daily mail naturally went up with it, until now the small but efficient Post Office here at Ridgefield groans under the load. If the editor attempted to answer all his mail himself he would be putting in twenty-four hours a day at the dictaphone; and if all letters to the Open Forum were published — or even the names of their senders mentioned — there would be no room left in the magazine for anything else. (All cries of "Excellent idea"! are unrecognized.) So that until the magazine is endowed by a foundation which is acutely interested in an Open Forum of 128 pages, the editorial fine-tooth comb — yes, with a few missing teeth — will be used to sort the contributions to this department. . . . We received an interesting letter from a young lady who signed herself Patricia Ann Conway Blackshear, of Denver, Colorado, but no more definite address was included. If that young lady sees these lines and will communicate with the editor, he will be glad to suggest an article she might like to write for THE MERCURY. . . . James A. Gilboy, of Philadelphia, writes a well-reasoned letter protesting against the censorship of books and magazines. "When the government," he says, "presumes to pontificate on what I may or may not read, it might as well do the whole hog in in-

vading my privacy, and dictate what brand of religion or politics I must believe in, what kind of food I shall eat, what color of necktie I may wear, or what variety of dentifrice I must use." Mr. Gilboy will be interested in Mr. Turano's article in this issue. The editors also have rather strong feelings on the subject, a recent issue of THE MERCURY, as our readers know, having been banned in certain parts of New England for what we thought was a completely innocuous article. In the cities where THE MERCURY was ordered off the newsstands, the order came invariably from the Chief of Police, and in one case — Providence, Rhode Island — from a worthy who is not only Chief of Police but head of the Fire Department also. There being no Academy of Immortals in America, we suggest, in order to safeguard the future of our native literature, that such an academy be chosen from the Police Chiefs (and Fire Chiefs) of our leading cities. They could always hire down-at-the-heel university graduates to do the actual reading of the books and magazines for them. . . . "it seems as if we were living in days like those of Henry VIII," writes T. B. Rennell, of Bound Brook, New Jersey. "The Wars of the Roses," he goes on to say, "killed off the natural leaders, the nobility, just as the Wars of the Roosevelts have killed off our leaders, the Economic Royalists." A leaderless people, he concludes, are, in both cases, left to the mercies of the tyrant and his yeomen. Mr. Rennell sees one difference, however: "The Tudors were born rulers, while the Roosevelts are only synthetics". . . . Harry Gilbert, M.D., of New York City, is in violent disagreement with Dr. William M. Kinney, who recently wrote an article on heart-disease for us, and also with Dr. Cabot, who is quoted by Dr. Kinney. Summing up his heated disagreement, Dr. Gilbert says, "I have never in my life read such pure unadulterated junk". Well, that keeps intact THE MERCURY's record for printing only really distinguished articles. . . . Robert E. Asnis, of Phila-

delphia, sends in a most amusing description of F.D.R. Sorry, Mr. A., your wise-crack is not quite printable. . . . We don't know whether to be pleased or worried about the fact that a good many hoboes seem to be regular readers of THE MERCURY. (Do they go up to a house and say: "I'll be glad to chop a little wood, lady, for the October and November issues of THE MERCURY"? ) Our latest communication is from Harold T. Moran, who inscribes himself as "Chancellor of the Transients' Academy, Hobohemia, San Francisco". He remarks: "A few of us 'bos have devised a nifty little racket, to wit: betting on the color scheme of the Moik's cover each month". . . . In an attempt to thank contributors to the Open Forum for good letters which we have not space to print, we may mention here the name of the writer of the best letter on each of the sub-

jects that were corresponded about this month: Guy R. White, of Bernice, Louisiana, on the article "A Southerner Surveys the North"; Dan Eastman, of Provincetown, Massachusetts, on "We Are Not Poor"; Louis Rubin, of New York City, "New Yorkers Can't Speak English"; Elizabeth La Dow, Delano, California, "Paternity By Proxy"; F. M. Weeks, Cleveland, Ohio, "Why We Do Not Behave Like Human Beings"; Mrs. Martha C. Hubbard, Urbana, Illinois, "The Eternal Jewish Problem"; Scott Frannington, Minneapolis, Minnesota, our August editorial; John H. Montgomery, Springfield, Ohio, for a well-reasoned letter on the international situation; and A. A. Jordan, of Virginia Beach, Virginia, for the best piece of verse. . . . Joseph Poss, of Antigo, Wisconsin, berates us in some detail for supporting the Republican Party. Better smile when you say that, Joe.

## THE CONTRIBUTORS

**LAURENCE BELL** (*Americans Will Drink Anything*) is a Southerner who lives in New York. **J. L. BROWN** (*The Hall-Mills Mystery*) practices law in Paterson, New Jersey. **ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN** (*Men in the Moon*) is a professor at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine. **LARSTON DAWN FARRAR** (*In Defense of the Third Degree*) is a reporter on the *Atlanta Constitution*. **FRANK FENTON** (*The Hollywood Literary Life*) is a well-known movie-scenarist. **M. O. GANNETT** (*The Drug-Prescription Racket*) is a New York physician. **BERT HENDERSON** (*Life Holds an Auction*), an Alabaman, has recently completed a mystery-story in verse. **EUGENE LYONS** (*War-Mongering on the Left*) is the author of the best-selling

*Assignment in Utopia*. **JOE R. MOTHERAL** (*Work Your Way Through College?*) is an undergraduate at a Texas university. **WILLIAM G. O'DONNELL** (*How To Be a State Legislator*) is a native of Massachusetts. **CHANNING POLLOCK** (*Apology for Success*) is the noted author, playwright, and lecturer. **ISABELLE POST** (*What Is a Southern Lady?*) teaches school in New York City. **JOSEPHINE STICKNEY** (*Good Old Sybil Carries On*) works for M-G-M. **LOUIS STODDARD** (*Suburban Cave*) is a frequent contributor to THE MERCURY. **ANTHONY M. TURANO** (*Is Sex Lawful?*), lawyer and writer, lives in Reno. **HAROLD LORD VARNEY** (*Roosevelt Does Not Want Recovery*) is an authority on American politics.





# The Bethlehem Steel Quiz

TRY IT ON THE FAMILY

Bethlehem Steel Company again presents a quiz with which to confound your friends and family by your knowledge of steel and steel-making.

You need never have been near an open-hearth in order to make a high score, since the majority of the alternatives offered are taken from general information. A score of 40 is good, 60 is excellent and 100 gives you the palm.

*Answers are given on page x.  
Score 20 for each correct answer.*

1. Your home probably contains much more steel than you realize. Not including the steel in your car or that used in the construction of your house or apartment building, the American Iron and Steel Institute estimates that the average American household contains:

- (a) 120 lbs.                      (c) 600 lbs.
- (b) 350 lbs.                     (d) 1250 lbs.

2. While a kitchen oven, even on

Thanksgiving, seldom gets hotter than about 500 deg. Fahrenheit, the temperature at the base of a blast furnace, in which iron ore is refined into pig iron, is:

- (a) 600 deg. F.                      (c) 1550 deg. F.
- (b) 800 deg. F.                     (d) 3000 deg. F.

3. Even though steel is almost eight times as heavy as water, what shape of a solid piece of steel will float on water:

- (a) I-beam                              (c) ingot
- (b) needle                             (d) H-pile

4. Which of the following materials was used in making the sides of the famous frigate, "Old Ironsides":

- (a) wood                                (c) iron
- (b) steel                                (d) canvas

5. All except one of the following bodies of water have been spanned by a bridge built by Bethlehem Steel Company:

- (a) Hudson River
- (b) Ohio River
- (c) Long Island Sound
- (d) Golden Gate



## Answers to "Bethlehem Quiz"

(See page 1X)

1. (c) 600 lbs. in such diverse forms as ash trays and bed springs. If you have mechanical refrigeration, about 934 lbs.
2. (d) 3000 deg. F.
3. (b) Needle. Because of the light weight of the needle and its elongated shape, the surface tension of the water acts as a sort of skin and supports it.
4. (a) Wood. Iron and steel were not generally used in building naval vessels until after the "Monitor" and "Merrimac" of Civil War fame.
5. (c) Long Island Sound. Bethlehem Steel Company, the largest steel construction company in the world, built among others the George Washington Bridge over the Hudson, the Sciotoville Bridge over the Ohio, and the Golden Gate Bridge.

**MUSIC LOVERS:** SALE! The world's finest recorded music. 50c and 75c per record. Regular price \$1.50 and \$2.00. The Symphonies, Chamber Music, Operas. BACH, WAGNER, BEETHOVEN, SCHUBERT, BRAHMS, etc. Mail Orders sent anywhere. Complete Catalog "NY" on request. Also Victor and Columbia Records.



**N. Y. BAND INSTRUMENT CO.**

111 East 14th Street, New York City

## PRICE OF FAME

We're famous for having the most complete stock of recordings in the world — and we literally go to the ends of the earth to maintain our reputation. For the world's best recorded music come (or send) to

**The Gramophone Shop**

**18 EAST 48th ST., NEW YORK**

Wickersham 2-1876

*We ship records safely around the corner or around the world*

You never pay more at the Gramophone Shop



\*\*\* indicate an outstanding performance, \*\* a competent performance, \* an acceptable performance. ††† denote exceptional recording, †† efficient recording, † poor recording.

### ORCHESTRAL

\*\*\*† Symphony in G (No. 88), Haydn: (Victor three 12-inch records, \$6.50). Probably the greatest of Haydn's hundred-odd symphonies, even if it is one of the most familiar, is here presented in a new recording by Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Orchestra. There is tremendous vigor and undeniable finish in this interpretation, but it belies the humor of Haydn's fancy, especially in the final movement. Also, the recording is too successful in reproducing the acoustically-dull and unresonant qualities of NBC's Studio 8-H.

\*\*\*††† Symphony in A (No. 29, Köchel 201), Mozart: (Columbia, three 12-inch records, \$5). An obscure and charming symphony by Mozart, a product of his eighteenth year. There is nothing in this music to amplify or alter one's opinion of Mozart's stature, but it is nevertheless a delightful experience as interpreted by Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic Orchestra.

\*\*\*††† Old Timers Night at the "Pops" (arranged by M. L. Lake): (Victor, one 10-inch record, \$1). A gusty collection of such traditional tunes as *The Bowery*, *Rosie O'Grady*, *After the Ball*, and *The Band Played On*, symphonically elaborated. Arthur Fiedler conducts the Boston "Pops" orchestra with insuperable relish, and the recording is amazingly good.

### PIANO

\*\*\*†† Ballade in B minor (No. 2), Liszt: (Columbia, one 12-inch record, \$3.25). One of the lesser efforts of Liszt. The best passages in the work are more imaginatively

## RECORDED MUSIC

employed in the composer's sonata in the same key. However, Louis Kentner announces himself a pianist of power and skill in this introductory recording. The reproduction is better than the piano average, but still below reasonable fidelity.

\*\*\*\*†† *Rhapsody in G minor, Brahms* and *Romanze in F sharp major, Schumann*: (Victor, one 12-inch record, \$2). Some familiar piano music played with exceptional perception by Artur Schnabel. Remarkably, he plays the introspective *Romanze* as sensitively as the overwrought *Rhapsody*. The recording is finely-clear and well-balanced.

### CELLO

\*\*\*\*†† *Concerto in B minor, Dvorak*: (Victor, five 12-inch records, \$10). A welcome recording, not only because the music is worthy of reproduction, but particularly because it returns Pablo Casals, the great Castilian 'cellist, to the ranks of artists recording major works. It may be an exaggeration to describe Dvorak's morosely cheerful score as a "major" work, but Casals' performance bridges the lacks of the composer's imagination. There is a brilliant performance of the orchestral score by Georg Szell and the Czech Philharmonic, and the whole is superbly recorded.

### DANCE

*Big John's Special* and *The Flat Foot Floogie* (Victor, one 10-inch record, \$.75). Two sturdy performances by the newly-revised Benny Goodman orchestra. The repetitious lilt with the floy-floy refrain will soon go the way of such things, but the first of the two pieces (by Horace Henderson) is a jazz staple.

*Blues in the Dark* and *Georgiana* (Decca, one 10-inch record, \$.75). Newest examples of what is undoubtedly the swiftest music now to be heard in America, the product of Count Basie and his orchestra. Those who doubt the capacity of jazz to convey genuine emotion will find irrefutable evidence of that power in this pair of sides. James Rushing is the vocalist in *Georgiana*.

*Yours for Keeps*

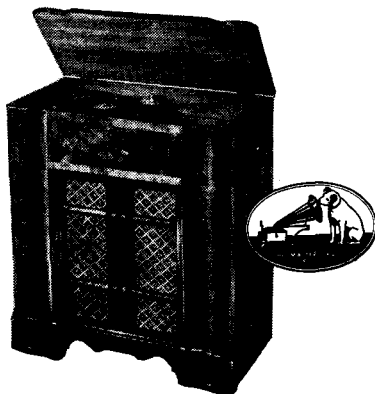
ON VICTOR RECORDS

A New Sibelius Album by the

**BOSTON  
SYMPHONY  
ORCHESTRA**

*Serge Koussevitzky, Conductor*

MUSICAL MASTERPIECE OF THE MONTH, Symphony No. 5 in E Flat Major, and Pohjola's Daughter (Sibelius) . . . The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor. Album M-474 (AM-474 for automatic operation). 10 sides . . . . . \$10.00



40th Anniversary RCA Victrola Model U-125 . . . Has automatic record changer. Radio has Electric Tuning. In walnut or mahogany. \$175\*, including \$9.00 in any Victor Records you choose, membership in Victor Record Society.

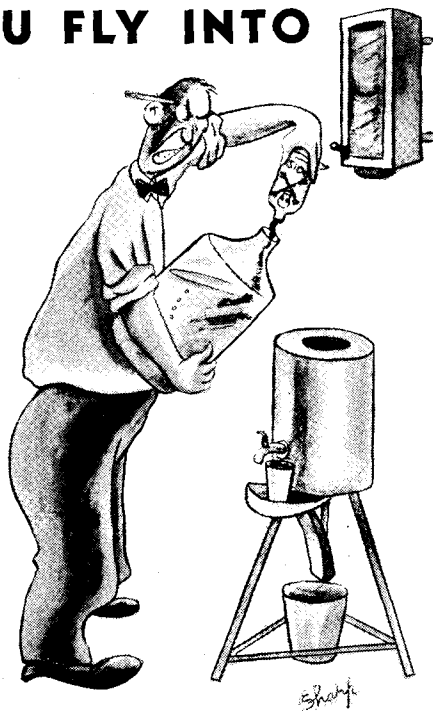
Listen to the Magic Key of RCA every Sunday, 2 to 3 P.M., E.S.T., over the NBC Blue Network. You can buy RCA Victrolas on C.I.T. easy payment plan. Any radio instrument is better with an RCA Victor Master Antenna. \*Price f.o.b. Camden, N. J., subject to change without notice.



**RCA Victrola**

Combines Record and Radio Entertainment  
A Service of the Radio Corporation of America

# DO YOU FLY INTO RAGES?



Do you get so furious you could put arsenic in the water cooler?

Are there moments when you hate everybody?

When you want to boil your best friend in oil?

Sure there are;

Why, that long line across your palm marks you a creature of moods — the glint in your eye, the curl of your lip portend the direst of consequences. But don't do it. (Remember, crime does not pay a living wage.) Just let us help you.

Of course, we don't care whether you subscribe to **THE JUDGE**, or not, we're just thinking of you. No fooling.

And we should be remiss in our duty, did we fail to warn you out of harm's way.

Now, take a lesson: Let your eye drop to the coupon below; glare at it, if you must. Work yourself into a lather of white hot anger. **TEAR IT OUT SAVAGELY**, see if we care. **JAM IT INTO AN ENVELOPE. THUMP AN AMERICAN STAMP ON IT!** Then **SLAP IT INTO AN AMERICAN MAIL BOX** and go home and cool off.

**THE JUDGE — 18 East 48th St., N. Y. C.**

Keep me out of harm's way with **THE JUDGE**  
For { One year and send me the bill for \$1.50 ☐  
Two years and send me the bill for \$2.75 ☐

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

# LANGUAGES Made *easy* By LINGUAPHONE

This amazing new Method enables you, in your own home, to speak and read any of 23 foreign languages in an incredibly short time. Endorsed by leading university professors and thousands of men and women as the quickest, simplest and most thorough language method. Send for catalogue and FREE Trial Offer.

**LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE**  
17 Rockefeller Center New York City



## Hospitality in the tradition of "T.R."

AT the Roosevelt you may live quietly in an atmosphere of thoughtful friendliness, or entertain as the occasion demands.

Here you'll find the Roosevelt's traditional hospitality, every convenience you could wish for, and the perfect, unobtrusive service of a well-ordered home.



Roosevelt Grill, dining and dancing every evening except Sunday.



Dine 'neath the Hendrik Hudson Room's noted Wyeth murals.



Cocktail in any of half-a-dozen gay, intimate spots.



Red Cap service underground directly from Grand Central.

## THE ROOSEVELT

Bernam G. Hines, Managing Director  
Madison Ave. at 45th St., New York

# Hawaii



### ALL-EXPENSE TOUR \$269.75 up Tourist Class

Make this your year to visit paradise . . . to taste the pleasures of fun-loving Hawaii. 18-day tours from Vancouver and Victoria by record-holding *Empress* liners give you 8 days ashore with all expenses paid, \$349.75 up First Class. 23-day tours, 9 days ashore, by economical Canadian Australasian liners, \$255 up Cabin Class. See YOUR TRAVEL AGENT or Canadian Pacific. 41 offices in the U. S. and Canada.

**Canadian Australasian**

## Canadian Pacific

ONLY A FEW COPIES LEFT

## The American Mercury DIGEST

containing thirty-two of the best articles, stories, and poems that appeared in the *MERCURY*. Just a few of the titles:

**Three Years of Dr. Roosevelt**

by H. L. Mencken

**Self-Conscious America**

by Sinclair Lewis

**Pennsylvania Station**

by William Faulkner

**Vegetarians Are Wrong**

by Logan Clendening

**On Being Deaf**

by W. M. Smaltz

**We Stage a Revolution**

by Jorge J. Blanco

Send 25c for a copy of this Digest — chock-full of good reading. But do it today — now — because the supply is very limited and it will not be reprinted.

**The Mercury, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York**  
I enclose 25c. Send me Mercury Digest (No. 2) as advertised.

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

AM 11-33

# For Mercury Readers

## Test Your Knowledge of Prominent Authors and Their Special Fields

**M**OST authors have pet subjects or have become recognized experts in certain fields. *American Mercury* readers know, for example, that Albert Jay Nock is a specialist on national politics; that Harold Lord Varney usually writes on movements or pressure groups.

This quiz is to test your knowledge of authors who are specialists in world affairs. In Column A you will find their names. In Column B are titles of articles they have written for the November and early issues of *Current History*.

### RULES

The titles of articles in Column B do not correspond to the order in which their authors are listed. In the small squares in front of each author's name write in the number of the title which seems to indicate the author's particular field of specialization. If, for example,

the first name on the list in Column A were to be William Henry Chamberlin, you would look down Column B until you came to a title which described an article on the Far East. You would then mark the number of the title in the box opposite Chamberlin's name.

This test is not easy. A completely correct score indicates that you have been following world affairs closely and that you can identify the authors who are the leading experts on various phases of those affairs.

If you feel you have made a perfect score, you are entitled to a prize of a half year's subscription to *Current History*, provided you take advantage of the special introductory offer of six months for one dollar.

In other words, all readers of the *American Mercury* who are not now *Current History* subscribers may subscribe to *Current History* at the get-acquainted rate of six months for one dollar. Readers sending in their coupons with the correct answers to the matching quiz will receive an additional half year's subscription free.

Regular subscription rate of the magazine is \$3 for one year. Contestants who send in perfect answers with their subscriptions save \$2.

(Match up each author's name with the articles he would be most likely to write.)

#### COLUMN A

(Authors)

- ☐ Marc A. Rose
- ☐ Charles W. B. Hurd
- ☐ Lawrence A. Fernsworth
- ☐ Leon Blum
- ☐ Joseph Jastrow
- ☐ Carleton Beals
- ☐ Frank C. Hanighen

#### COLUMN B

(Titles of Articles)

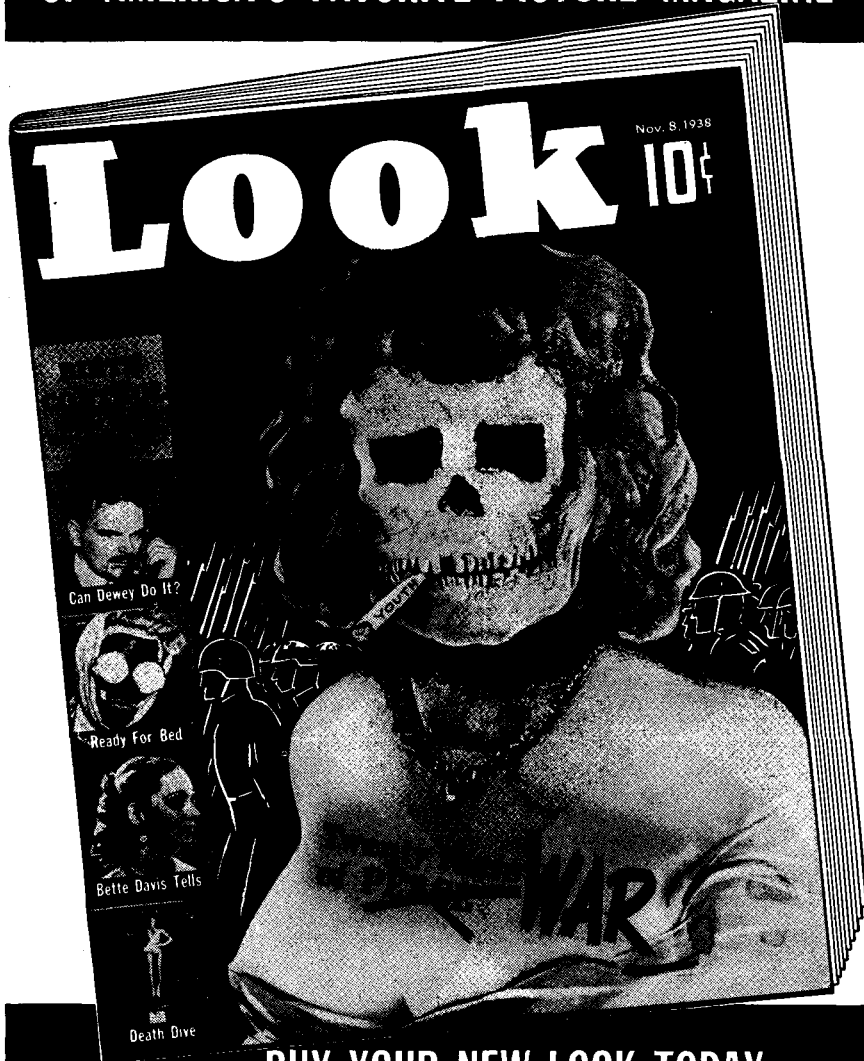
- 1. France and Non-Intervention
- 2. Black-shirts in South America
- 3. Harmony in Steel
- 4. Bridges Over the Moltava
- 5. How Franco Got Into Power
- 6. America's Housing Program
- 7. A Psychologist Looks at the Dictators

I enclose one dollar for a trial subscription to *Current History*. It is understood that if my answers to the matching quiz are correct I am to receive an additional half-year's subscription to *Current History* without any cost.

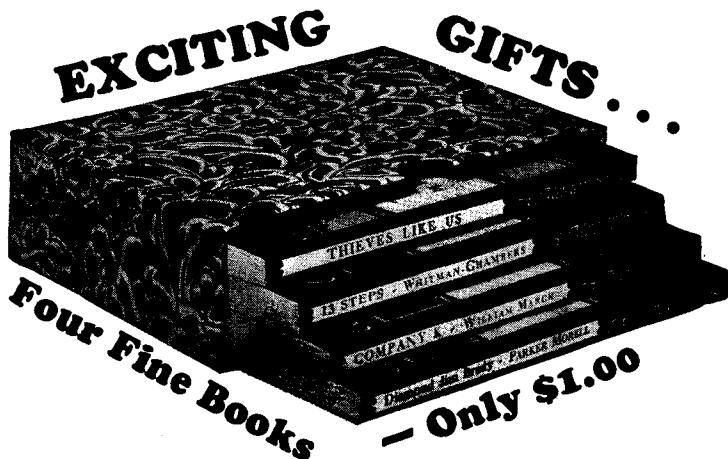
I have marked in the numbers as follows:

- ☐ Rose
  - ☐ Hurd
  - ☐ Fernsworth
  - ☐ Blum
  - ☐ Jastrow
  - ☐ Beals
  - ☐ Hanighen
- NAME .....
- ADDRESS .....
- AM 11-38
- CURRENT HISTORY, 63 Park Row, New York**

*Just Out* ANOTHER GREAT ISSUE  
OF AMERICA'S FAVORITE PICTURE MAGAZINE



BUY YOUR NEW LOOK TODAY  
WHEREVER MAGAZINES ARE SOLD 10c



**HERE IS A CONVENIENT AND INEXPENSIVE WAY TO SOLVE  
YOUR GIFT PROBLEMS. MAIL THE ORDER FORM TODAY**

2 — **EVERYTHING IS THUNDER**,  
by J. L. Hardy. "The most absorbing book  
I've read in five years." — O. O. McIntyre

3 — **13 STEPS**, by Whitman Chambers.  
A powerful, startling novel paced by breath-  
less action and a strange love story.

4 — **COMPANY**, by William March.  
"An extraordinarily moving and an impor-  
tant book. . . ." — *Sat. Rev. of Literature*

5 — **THIEVES LIKE US**, by Edward  
Anderson. "The most exciting new figure  
to appear in American writing since Hem-  
ingway and Faulkner." — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*

6 — **WEEPING IS FOR WOMEN**, by  
Donald Barr Chidsey. What an illicit  
love affair did to the plans of a lifetime.

7 — **DIAMOND JIM BRADY**, by Par-  
ker Morell. The robust, scandalous life of  
America's greatest playboy.

8 — **HOT SATURDAY**, by Harvey  
Fergusson. A realistic statement of a  
youthful sex crisis.

9 — **CRISS-CROSS**, by Don Tracy. A  
hard-hitting novel of love and adventure.

10 — **THE GENERAL**, by C. S. Fores-  
ter. A vitriolic novel of romantic bravery,  
frankly exposing the inside story of war.

11 — **MANTRAP**, by Sinclair Lewis.  
An exciting story of romance and adven-  
ture, by America's foremost living novelist.

12 — **I COVER THE WATERFRONT**,  
by Max Miller. "Get the book and read it  
. . . for humor, good sense, wisdom and  
entertainment." — *Burton Rascoe*

13 — **TO THE VANQUISHED**, by  
I. A. R. Wylie. A gripping story you'll  
never forget.

*Single copies of any of these books are available at 25c each — Order by number*

Send four books, in a handsome library case, to each of the names below, and enclose a gift  
card with my name. I enclose \$..... (\$1.00 for each set).

Name..... *Fill in Book Nos.*

Address..... ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

City and State.....

Sent by..... ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Address..... City..... State.....

**MERCURY BOOKS, 570 Lexington Ave., New York**

AM 11-38